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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE"

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For the Register.

A DESCRIPTION—A PIECE OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY—AND A CHARACTER.

MANCHESTER, N. H.

MR. EDITOR:—When you requested me last week to write you a letter occasionally, I did not know that I should commence it with so much pleasure. I find myself rather dull up here in the granite State, in this mere sandbank that has been bought by a company, and by a "presto change," as by magic, suddenly turned into a City of Spindles. It is like the mushroom's growth, and it vies with the operations of Aladdin's wonderful lamp; for in nine years the primeval forest has given place to a population of above 12,000 souls. This is an interesting fact, but not quite exciting enough to make the contemplation of it on the spot for a week very exhilarating with little else to do. This is my position. The little business which brought me here is very soon done, and yet I must wait several days longer; and I have always thought waiting much harder work than Milton seems to have regarded it in that sonnet respecting his own blindness. "They also serve who *only* stand and *wait*." I have exhausted the lions of the place, gone through the factories, called on all who I supposed would not view a visit as a visitation, perambulated the neighborhood as much as it would bear, for it is all barren, literally without a smell fungus—to pass that judgment on it. The only rural beauty about is in the small sylvan cemetry. That is unique—a gem truly in a desert. I hope the publishers of "Views from American Cemeteries" will hear of it and send up a sketcher. As far as it goes, Mount Auburn or the Greenwood cannot beat it. I enjoy it for an hour or so every morning with the birds and squirrels, for the citizens are entirely too busy at that time of day to meditate among the tombs. So Robin and Bonny and I have it all to ourselves, unless a snake or two appear occasionally to vary the good society, and assist our moralizing by the suggestion that there is a snake in every garden however fair. But it would require a Hervey's gift for "Meditations among the Tombs" to get rid of all my leisure even in so cheerful a place as a graveyard. So I have to seek other resources. I have read out the only book I brought with me, Burton's Life of David Hume. Being in two heavy volumes I supposed it would last a long while, but probably you have occasionallly experienced that the reading of a book may be in inverse proportion to its heaviness. Paper I had none, or thought I had none to write on. Oh that I had! How gladly would I write that promised letter! For as to having nothing to say in it, that appeared a small difficulty. I paced my room from door to window and from window to door—there was no space for expatiating out of this one right line—and thought of General the Marquis of Spinola. "What killed the Major?" inquired he. "He died of having nothing to do." "Enough to kill a General," said the old Marquis.

"Eureka!" at length I cried with the exultation of Archimedes, as I fumbled among my chattels. Lo! there lay two whole sheets of fair virgin letter paper. O ye wearied bookwrights, ye night and day writers of sermons, thoroughly sated with the much ending still beginning work, here is a moral and a consolation for you. Listen to the voice of experience and believe that hard as too much work is, harder still is none at all. If you were deprived of pens after being so accustomed to that means of venting the thoughts, you would feel as uncomfortably plethoric as some sanguinous and corpulent alderman (as Shakspeare says of Cardinal Woolsey, "a man of an unbounded stomach!") when his accustomed allowance of periodical phlebotomy is denied him. The mixture of physical with intellectual occupation in this mode of airing ones ideas, by putting black upon white, has much to say for itself on more than one count. Query—Do not extempore preachers lose some pleasures and benefits? Is not the action of the brain too intense and heated when not restrained and fanned by the slower motion of the goosequill for which it has to wait! Will our fervent extempore declaimers live as long as the old ministers who have left their one, two or three thousand hourlong sermons fairly written out in a running hand! Will the phonographers have as good a chance for health! Are they not spared too much of the cooling mechanical finger-accompaniment? These will be comfotting questions to the fingers that for years have had to emulate perpetual motion. However to make the matter short, the unexpected discovery of those two common cheap precious sheets made me unspeakably happy. Hence the joy with which I gratefully dedicated one of them to the Christian Register.

The progress of Unitarianism in this place has not been very brilliant; and this is natural enough. A new town put down in a hole cut out of the forests of New Hampshire, the forests still coming up close to the houses or exhibiting their stumps in the streets, pretty much the whole population being factory operatives or the dependant classes created by new factories, this is not the material for rational preaching to affect. There is a small Unitarian Church neat and simple, accommodating a still smaller congregation of worthy and intelligent people. The Church was bought from the Methodists three years ago, moved and enlarged and repaired; but, for some reason which I have not been successful in ascertaining, it was turned round, making the old rear front on the street. It looks a little odd to see the projecting swell, common in the middle of the backs of Churches for the accommodation of the pulpit, here thrusting itself out to the public in the middle of the front. It has too much the appearance of turning its back on said touchy public. So few of the public are identified with the Church, however, that it cannot be compared to the man described by Lord Castlereagh as turning his back on himself; the more's the pity. We must hope that that difficult manœuvre is yet reserved for its fortunes. The ground was given by the Factory Corporation, who offered sites gratuitously to all Churches. Being one of the last societies formed, it had a lot assigned it beyond the part of the city then built up, but houses already extend around it. It has very sweet music, and I was sorry last Sunday there were not more present to be soothed and elevated by it. There is as perfect harmony in the society as in the singing gallery; only I was informed it was their "custom of an afternoon" especially, as in too many other places, to stay at home and make the Sabbath a season of rest in the most absolute sense. They say that the attendance is thin now because it is summer. When I was here in January it was thin because it was winter. The spring and fall would be the time to hit between wind and water, and find perhaps 400 people present. "The pay roll" shows a gradual undeniable increase in the Society; but, like many other of our Societies similarly situated, it cannot be said to be excessive in enthusiasm. A touch of fanaticism—a slight suspicion, *soup con*, as the French cooks say, just to give flavor and piquancy to the matter, would be a decided improvement. But the overshadowing Orthodox sects around absorb all this, and drive Unitarianism by there action into the opposite indifferentism. And truly when I see how harsh and hard Orthodoxy can be here and wherever Liberal Christianity does not prevail to counterbalance it, I am willing to accept an amiable indifferentism as its alternative. Unitarianism need not be cold, as the fervors of the "Christian" denomination show; but even if it was always to be characterized by the "genteel indifference" it exhibits, as well as the Episcopal Church, among the cultivated and refined classes in which they prevail most, still let me have it. And I think I declare this preference dispassionately and after *good opportunities for forming a judgment*.

I have been intimately connected with all extremes in Christendom and even with Jews. I have lived in various parts of the world and have always been an observer and a muser, and long since passed *il mezzo cammin della vita*. I know what Calvinism is thoroughly. It was Christianity to me for years—the tender impressible years of childhood and youth. I cannot say I ever liked it; but it awed me profoundly. I would not dare question its claims to submission and reverence though it hung over my heart like the deadly night-shade, chilling its natural joyousness.

The first minister I can recollect hearing was the embodiment of the system, old Dr. P., in the far South. He was an English Evangelical Churchman, one of Lady Huntington's preachers, a flaming zealot, and an impartial, consistent, uniform bigot—a bigot all around and to every body—"teres et rotundus"—bigoted to Arminian Churchmen on Calvinism—bigoted to Dissenters on Church government—bigoted to Catholics because they tried to beat him at his own weapons of bigotry and exclusiveness—fiercely and bitterly bigoted toward the whole mass of the unconnected scum and rabble of mankind. A proud aristocrat in society as well as in religion, a *bon vivant* of the English school, as was proclaimed by his intensely rubicund face strongly relieved by a snow-white wig of portentous proportions, curled all over. A poor country negro, who saw him officiate once in this wig and the white surplice, told his master on going home, that "an old gentleman had read two big books to them, dressed in a shirt, with something like a powdered hawk's nest on his head."

Octogenarian as he was, the old man was a "Boanerges" still. Oh those hard horrid stentorian shouts, and slappings and slammings about his pulpit. There was little good sleep to be got under him, long and driveling as his lucubrations were. Those who tried it might expect to hear themselves called from the pulpit; particularly if it was the old gentleman's coachman, and the sermon was near its close; that was just the time the coachman ought to leave his seat in the aisle and go into the Churchyard to harness his horses into the coach, that the Doctor might not be kept from his dinner longer than necessary. *That* he could not stand at all. A family who lived opposite to his residence saw him one Sunday noon descend from his coach and knock at his door once, twice, thrice before he could gain admittance. At last, when the door was opened, a brawny fist entered with it, encountering the nose and eyes of the dilatory boy who opened it and flooring him *instanter*. This was just after the communion. Perhaps that rite may have been thought an excuse for the Doctor's impatience as it had prolonged his fast. But at all times he was ready to make up for having a cold heart by showing a hot temper. I need not say we children dreaded him. Those were days of darkness when we had to march up to him to be catechised. When in the language of the Prayer Book (not in his own spontaneous language by any means) he would address us with, "My dear child," in that vocal thunder of his, it was like being knocked down. What a happy world it would be, I used to think, if there was no Church, no religion, and especially no Dr. P.

And yet this man was a great Christian technically. He passed for the genuine type. He might not be an *amiable* man, it was allowed; he might be proud, sensual, irascible, a tyrant in his house, in his Church and wherever he could; but he was a Christian, the most Orthodox in the city, sound in the thirty-nine articles, bristling with the five points; and if we gainsaid his Gospel we supposed we had nothing left us but hopeless infidelity. For Unitarianism was unheard of then; and he had it all his own way, distorting and defacing the Savior's loveliness. He so perfectly succeeded in making himself and religion loathsome, that I can remember when he would say to us, "Will ye follow me and go to Heaven, or take your own way and go to Hell,"—I used to think the alternative might be considered. Yet unlovely as was this character and all the associations it threw around religion, the Dr. sincerely believed himself a child of grace and an heir of the kingdom of Heaven. He had gone through the forms, and the technical experiences and frames of mind, and his failings were thought only infirmities incident to poor human nature and a proof of our ingrained corruption, but which had nothing to do with his Christianity, except as establishing this leading doctrine of total depravity. He was conscientiously and truly a Christian according to the old fashioned dispensation of faith and forms. According to the now advancing dispensation of philanthroic tempers and deeds, he was farther from Christianity than most Deists I have known, to say nothing of Jews and Turks.

Since then I have exchanged the Gospel of Calvin for that of Jesus; and my old friends tell me I shall go further and become indifferent to the whole matter—there being in their view no durably exciting religion but that of fear. I think not so. It is true I see that Unitarianism has not for the multitude the passionate and imaginative interest of Calvinism, which has been well called "a fierce kind of poetry." But still I say, *nulla vestigia retrorsum*. I will do without "poetry" rather than have it so much of the satanic school, as Southey christened the poetry of Byron. Poor Byron, by the by, was exposed to Calvinistic preaching in his childhood, and used to attribute his prejudices against religion to that circumstance. He might have been revered and loved as the sweetest hymnist of Christendom, had early influences given a direction to his genius. As it was, though he gave up the religious part of his training, he retained its fierce satanic spirit; and satan in fact always seemed his favorite hero. The satan of Milton is in comparison with Byron's a perfect gentleman, and Milton was no Calvinist. Pondering such facts I would say to the ministers and members of our little unpopular Unitarian Churches among the dark valleys of the shadow of Calvinism, "Be not weary in well-doing, for in due season ye shall reap if ye faint not." But lest my letter grow as large as the Vicar of Wakefield's family picture, and be unable to get into your columns, I will conclude.

H. G. E.

For the Register.

LETTERS FROM THE WESTWARD.

SYRACUSE, May 14.

My day at Trenton ended rather prosily, with a dusty walk to the village, the ride back to Utica, and the tedious process of lying in wait for the next train, till long past midnight, on a hard plank bench. The peculiar and uncomfortable form of experience, derived from spending the best part of the night in these jiggling grinding cars, need not be dwelt upon. At six in the morning we were safe here, needing only the water cure on a liberal scale, to fit us for the occupations of the day.

Among other things we went to see the forge, flour-mills and salt works, a little way out of the village. You know that if you bore the ground anywhere near Onondaga Lake, even in the midst of fresh water, a stream of salt water will come up. This is carried a mile or two in hollow logs to the establishment, and poured first into broad wooden vats. Then steam is carried in pipes through it, till at a certain heat it casts off the lime it held, and is ready to boil—the condensed steam running off meanwhile in a constant stream of pure hot water, which the washerwomen catch in tubs. From the great vats the heated salt water passes next through logs into another apartment, where are two long rows of boilers like immense cast-iron tea cups, in which it is kept constantly boiling. As the water evaporates, the salt settles, and is baled out into baskets and left awhile to drain—more water being let in by a plug over each boiler.—From the basket it is thrown into a great heap in another room, where it is partially dried—then taken in wheelbarrows and thrown into a long shallow trough, where a quantity of little wedge-shaped brushes keep rubbing and poking it about, gradually shoving it as it dries to the lower end—the trough being warmed by the fire that makes steam for the machinery. There the salt is ladled up by a row of tiny buckets on a band, which carry it into the room above, where a couple of boys are busy, weighing it out into small bags, and packing it away. One boy will fill four or five hundred bags in a day—another standing by to tie the string about the mouth. In this establishment about four or five hundred bushels of salt are prepared in a day.

The wheat mills were also something new to me. The apparatus for carrying the wheat or flour from room to room, through the grinding, drying, bolting and packing process, is very curious and entertaining. So perfectly is this done, that I believe no hand need touch it from the time the wheat is poured by the bushel into the trough above the mill-stone, till the flour, in several heaps, according to fineness, is ready to be weighed out into the barrels.

The canals are very interesting to a stranger. The quantity of merchandize carried by these boats is enormous. One boat load, I believe, is about four hundred barrels of flour. The boats pay toll by weight, and we saw one of them, with all its freight, suspended in a huge balance. The bridges, need only be a little more graceful, or slightly ornamented, to be very picturesque. They cross the water in every direction, near the intersection of the Erie and Oswego canals, and as you look down upon them, especially in the evening, the gliding boats, silently following the horses that are far ahead, the bright lights gleaming in the water, and the voice of the boatmen, shouting to each other as they recede in the distance, make altogether, something very unique and pretty, for a scene of mere business bustle and activity.

Still this is anything but a beautiful place, in spite of its broad streets, and handsome limestone, and the fair and fertile valley that surrounds it, decorated with forest, and lake and distant hills. It is sadly dusty—the soil clayey, and ready to turn into mud upon occasion—and the village has, in some respects, "a raw and uncomfortable look," as Miss Fuller says of the Western towns. Still they are busy, driving places; and far from uninteresting. The people are intelligent and hospitable, full of kind feeling, and interested in many things. They show vastly *less* sentiment or religious principle, as I am told, than they really possess—but scarcely ever more. The sin of that sort of pretence is one they have not to answer for. A good many are slightly free-thinking and radical, as you might expect. One man speculating pretty widely on the operations of electricity and magnetism, thinks very seriously, that we shall be able to visit the planets presently, by means of them, and asks, in all good faith and gravity, what incorrectness there would be in calling electricity, God? Not but that the Bible may all be true likewise, but this is his easy way of ignoring all troublesome discrepancies.

As to some of the sects here, they adhere very intrepidly to their creeds, with nardly the pretence, certainly without the credit, of believing much of them. A friend of mine requested one good lady to sit down with him and look over the creed of her church—he marking the passages she did not believe. This she declined to do. But being about to remove to another place, taking with her a letter of recommendation, she should request to look at *their* creed; with the privilege of saying what she did and did not accept; and she had but little expectation that she should be admitted.

I have so seldom heard much stress laid on doctrinal differences, that I hardly knew how to understand the controversial position that some are compelled to assume. But as I am told, one feels the importance of our doctrinal views more and more, as he is further from home, and sees the insincerity and harm that grow out of the prevailing creeds, and so is led inevitably to deal in doctrinal matters much more than he would ever have done in New England. Of course this experience is not mine, but what I gather from those I speak with here. J. H. A.

ADVICE OF A DYING FATHER TO HIS SON.

Dated January 27, 1716.

[From the Genealogical and Antiquarian Register.]

[The following article was addressed by the Rev. William Brattle of Cambridge to William Brattle, his son and only child who lived to maturity, while he was preparing for college. The father was a man distinguished for "piety, wisdom, and charity;" and the son "was a man of extraordinary talents and character, acceptable as a preacher, eminent as a lawyer, celebrated as a physician." He was a Major-General in the militia, and much in public office. May it not be supposed that this paternal Advice from an affectionate father to a son of filial affection and an obedient disposition, had great effect in making him what he was? For this and several other articles of an antiquarian nature we are indebted to Charles Ewer, Esq.]

1. Agreeably to what is written 1 Chron. xxviii, 9, My dear Son, know thou the God of thy father, & serve him with a perfect heart, and with a willing mind. If thou seek him, he will be found of thee; but if thou forsake him, he will cast thee off for ever.

2. Think often of thine own frailty, and of the uncertainty and emptiness of all Sublunary Enjoyments. Value not Self upon riches. Value not thy Self upon any worldly advancement whatsoever. Let faith and Goodness be thy treasure. Let no happiness content and Satisfie thee but what secures the favour and peace of God unto thee.

3. Remember thy baptism, acquaint thy Self well with the nature and obligations of that Ordinance. Publickly renew thy baptismall Covenant. Renew it Seasonably in thy early Days with humility and thirsty desires to enjoy Communion with God in the ordinance of the Lord's Supper and in all Approaches before God therein bringing faith and Love and a Self abasing Sence of thine own Emptiness and unworthyness.

4. Prize and Esteem the holy word of God infinitely before the finest of Gold. Reverence it with thy whole heart, read it constantly with seriousness, and great delight. Meditate much upon it, make it thy Guide in all thy wayes, fetch all thy Comforts from thence, and by a religious and holy walk, establish thine Interest in the blessed and glorious Promises therein contained.

5. Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. Reverence God's Sanctuary. In prayer, in Singing, in hearing God's word Read or preached, and in every public administration Wait upon God with outward Reverence and true devotion in thine heart, Remembering that holyness forever becomes God's house. When in thy more private retirements, Still let it be thy Care to Sanctifie God's Sabbath. Be watchful therefore over thine heart and over thy thoughts. Call to mind and run over what thou hast heard in God's house. Read Savoury books. Catechise thy Self, and others too when God gives Opportunity.

6. Take care of thy health, avoid all Excess in eating and in drinking, in taking thy pleasure, and in all innocent Recreations whatsoever. Let not immoderate heatt and Colds needlessly Expose thy body.

7. Beware of passion. Let not Anger and Wrath infect thine heart, suffer wrong with Patience, Rather than to right thy Self by unchristian methods, or by suffering thy spirit to be out of frame.

8. Labour to establish thy Self and begg of God that he would Establish thee in the grace of Chastity, keep thine heart clean and Chast, keep thy Tongue clean and Chast, keep thine hands clean and Chast, keep thine Eyes clean and Chast. Never trust to thy Self to be thy keeper. Avoid temptation to uncleaness of every nature, be watchful over thy Self night and day, but in the midst of all Let thine heart be with God, and be thou much in prayer, that God would be thy keeper. Let all the incentives to Lust as farr as may be, be avoided by thee.

9. Speak the Truth alwayes. Let not a Lye defile thy Lips, be content with Suffering rather than by telling the Least Lie to Save thy Self. Beware of Shuffling off by dissimulation.

10. Let Pride be an abomination in thy Sight. Cloth thyself with humility. Let humility be thine under Garment. Let humility be thine upper Garment.

11. Despise no man, let the State of his Body or mind or other circumstances of his, be what they will, still reverence humanity, consider who made thee to differ.

12, Be just to all men; be thou courteous and affable to all men; render not Evil for Evil, but recompense evil with Good. Owe no man any thing but Love.

13. Be thou compassionate, tender hearted, and mercifull; do good to all men, be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate; for with such sacrifices God is evermore well pleased.

14. Avoid sloth and idleness, give thy Self to thy Studys; converse with such Authors as may tend to make thee wise and good and to forward thy growth in true wisdom and goodness.

15. Acquaint thy Self with History; know something of the Mathematicks, and Physick; be able to keep Accompts Merchant like in some measure; but let Divinity be thy main Study. Accomplish thy Self for the worke of the Ministry, begg of God that he would incline thine heart thereto, and accept thee therein, and if it shall please God thus to Smile upon thee, aspire not after great things; let the Providence of God chuse for thee, and let the Flock have the Love of thy heart; be Solicitous for their Spirituall good, and for the glory of God; and let thy Aims be this way in all thy private meditations, and public administrations, all the dayes of thy Life.

My dear Child, be of a Catholick Spirit.

OLD MINISTERS.

Mr. Turnbull, in his "Genius of Scotland," has a charming passage about old ministers, to the truth of which our own heart gives its most cordial assent. We always love to hear an old minister preach; and we know personally a dozen, or more, of tried, hoary-headed men, whom we never see or think of but with a feeling of the most sincere and affectionate respect. Describing a country pastor in the land of the Covenanters, as he appears in the pulpit, Mr. T. says:—"His reverend look, the tremulous tones of his voice, his Scottish accent, his abundant use of Scriptural quotations, and a certain oriental cast of mind, derived, no doubt from intimate communion with the apostles, invest his discourse with a peculiar charm. It is not learned; neither is it original and profound; but it is *good*, good for the heart—good for the conscience and the life."

Mr. T. proceeds upon this to say, that old preachers, like old wine, are in his opinion by far the best. Their freedom from the earthly ambition, their deep experience of men and things, their profound acquaintance with their own hearts their evident nearness to heaven, their natural simplicity and authority, their reverend looks and tremulous tones, all unite to invest their preaching with a peculiar spiritual interest.

This is precisely our own feeling; and hence a reluctance every day growing stronger, to change an old place for a new one. But old ministers, though so highly prized by *us*, are not most esteemed by *all*. The churches of this age have acquired to a great extent, a singular partiality for young ministers. They suppose it quite impossible for an old preacher to keep the younger portion of the flock together, or to reach their hearts even when they are assembled. We wonder if this be really so. If it be, the youth of this day differ from some of whose experience *we* can testify.

Recently we met with an old minister—a man of so much unction, so much heart, so much good sense, and withal, we well know, so happy a talent to communicate truth, that it was with the utmost surprise that we heard him say, "I am preaching nowhere; nobody wants me." But that such seavices as his are not wanted, we do not believe. Few churches in the country hear sermons so eminently like the old Scotchman's—"*good*, good for the heart, good for the conscience and the life," as are preached by this white headed, tremulous voiced veteran of the cross in Connecticut.

In "The Old White Meeting House," one of the beautiful books in Mr. Carter's Cabinet Library, is an account of a good pastor's dismission from his people after some twenty years of faithful service. This dismission was asked because of the unreasonable disaffection of a few "troublers in Israel," and leads the apt author to speak of the course sometimes taken with regard to a minister, whose only crime is that he is *growing old*. It is admitted that he is a good man, and has been a successful minister; but his usefulness, it is said, seems to be at an end; he is getting dull and heavy, and the young people are not so well pleased with him, as they should be, and on the whole we think it would be better for him and better for us that he should retire.

"But where shall he go!" says the writer. "If he is too old to please you who have known and loved him for so many years, is it to be supposed that he will be acceptable to a *new* people, who have had no previous attachment for him? will you turn him out, like a broken down horse, to die by the wayside?"

There is no reply, the author says, to this question and we coincide with him. [Chr. Reflector.

MILITARY GLORY.

The remains of a son of one of the most honored families of the Bay State have been brought from the distant fields of slaughter. The leaden coffin has been borne on the sable hearse, surmounted by the sword which dropped from the warrior's grasp, amid the carnage and clamor of the fight. The noble charger, who did not escape unhurt from the murderous storm where the blood of his master mingled with his own, is led in state in the solemn procession. Martial music, subdued to saddened strains, rules the slow steps of the armed bands which march in the funeral pomp. Mourners who weep for fashion or sympathy, and a few whose grief is deep and sincere, close the train. The lifeless form, after its long and melancholy journeyings, has reached its resting place. The parting volleys thunder over it, and it is "left alone in its glory."

And now that all is quiet, the thought will intrude itself, What is military glory, and what is it worth? To acquire it, demands, no doubt, the highest energies of which man is capable; energies put in competition, not with the physical difficulties which stand in the way of human improvement, not with natural obstacles and contending elements,—but with like energies resisting in their turn, with all the might of ambition and, madness and despair. It is hardly to be wondered at, that such as succeed in these strifes, or perish with success in their grasp, should be regarded with that admiration which is always excited by the display of power. And as mortals can in no way display their power in a manner so terrible and so engrossing, as when it is engaged in the work of carnage, we may cease to wonder that military renown stands on the loftiest pedestal, and fills the highest niche, in the proud temple of Fame.

But is there in this no injustice, no error, no folly? The Son of man "came not to destroy men's lives, but to save them." Was his a life and death truly glorious? Consider the incomparable dignity of his nature, and its subjection to the grossest insults and the deepest sorrows, and all for purposes of the purest benevolence. Was this true glory? If it was, then the word is falsely applied to the heroes and conquerors of the world. Whenever the subject shall come to be rightly understood, their laurels will wither and be blown away. We laugh at the little children with their paper caps, and wooden swords, as they strut about the street in all the bigness of feeling inspired by "mimic war." A day is coming when all the tinsel magnificence and swelling port of the grown-up soldier will be regarded as puerilities which can escape from scorn only by arousing horror at the malignant nature of the fighting trade.

We regret to witness such funeral obsequies as those which were performed recently in Boston and Worcester. Not that we would withhold any real sympathy from such as mourn for their dead who fell upon "the high places of the field." But we feel that the effect of such celebrations must be to cherish in the breasts of the young the false notion of military glory, and to inflame them with the passion for walking in the steps of those men of blood, whom the world delights to honor as conquering heroes,

"Destroyers rightly called—and plagues of men."

How else can persons without uncommon merit or praiseworthy exertion and sacrifice for the good of mankind, so easily attain to such distinguished respect while they live, and to such pompous funeral rites when they die? It will take months and years of judicious teaching to remove from the youthful mind the fallacious glare with which one such spectacle gilds the horrors and atrocities of war.—[Boston Recorder.

SCENE IN A SCOTTISH COUNTRY CHURCH YARD, IN THE INTERVAL OF WORSHIP.

A large number of the people have gone into the grave yard connected with the church.—Some are seated on the old flat tomb stones, others on the green sward, dotted all around with the graves of their fathers. See that group there. The old man, with "lyart haffes" and broad bonnet, looks like one of the old Covenanters. The old lady, evidently his wife, wears a sort of hooded cloak, from which peeps forth a nicely plaited cap of lace, which wonderfully sets off her demure but agreeable features. These young people around them are evidently their children and grandchildren. How contented they look, and how reverently they listen to the old man. Let us draw near, and hear the conversation.

"Why, grandfather," says one of the younger lads, "don't you think th' auld Covenanters were rather sour kind o'bodies?"

"Sour!" replies the old man, "they had enough to mak' them sour. Hunted from mountain to mountain, like wild beasts, it's nae wonder if they felt waefu' at times, or that they let human passion gain a moment's ascendancy. But they were guid men for a' that. They were the chosen o' God, and wrestled hard against principalities and powers, against the rulers o' the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places. Reading their lives, I've often thocht they must ha'e been kind o' inspired. Like the auld prophets and martyrs, they were very zealous for the Lord God, and endured, cheerfully mair distress and tribulation than we can well imagine."

"Weel, weel!" says one of the girls, "I wish they had been a wee bit gentler in their ways, and mair charitable to their enemies."

"Ah, Nancy," is the quick reply of the old man, "ye ken but little about it. A fine thing it is for us, sitting here in this peacefu' kirkyard wi' nane to molest us or mak' us afraid, to talk about gentleness and charity. But the auld Covenanters had to encounter fire and steel. They wandered over muir and fell, in poverty and sorrow, being destitute, afflicted, tormented. But O, my bairns! they loved and served the Lord! They endured as seeing him who is invisible; and when they cam' to see, they rejoiced that they were counted worthy to suffer for his name. Nae doot, some of them were carnal men, and ithers o' them had great imperfections. But the maist o' them were unco holy men, men o' prayer, men o' faith, aye, and men of charity of whom the world was not worthy."

This answer silences all objections.

But the bell, from the old church tower, begins to toll.

"Slowly the throng moves o'er the tomb-paved ground,
The aged man, the bowed down, the blind
Led by the thoughtless boy, and he who breathes
With pain, and eyes the new-made grave, well pleased;
These, mingled with the young, the gay, approach
The house of God—these, spite of all their ills,
A glow of gladness feel; with silent praise
They enter in; a placid stillness reigns,
Until the man of God, worthy the name,
Opens the book, and reverentially
The stated portion reads."

[Turnbull's Genius of Scotland.

WANT OF CHARITY.

The celebrated Wesley has given his views of such injustice among christians, in the following characteristic manner: "Are you persuaded you see more clearly than I? It is not unlikely that you may. Then, treat me as you would desire to be yourself upon a change of circumstances. Point me out a better way than I have yet known. Show me it so by plain proof of scripture. And if I linger in the path I have been accustomed to tread, and am therefore unwilling to leave it, labor with me a little, take me by the hand, and lead me as I am able to bear. But be not displeased if I entreat you not to beat me down, in order to quicken my pace. I can go but feebly and slowly at best; then, I should not be able to go at all. May I not request of you further, not to give me hard names, in order to bring me in the right way.—Suppose I were ever so much in the wrong, I doubt this would not set me right. Rather it would make me run so much farther from you, and so get more and more out of the way. Nay, perhaps, if you are angry, so shall I be too; and then there will be small hopes of finding the truth. If once anger arise, this smoke will so dim the eyes of my soul, that I shall be able to see nothing clearly. If we could discern truth—would it not be loss rather than gain? For, how far is love, even with many wrong opinions, to be preferred before truth itself without love.

But perhaps we cannot find, in the whole circle of orthodox writers, a more faithful instructor on this subject than Dr. Watts. "The iniquity of uncharitableness," says this truly Christian divine, "has more springs, than there are streams or branches belonging to the great river of Egypt, and it is more fruitful of serpents and monsters too." Many of these springs he has traced out, and exposed them to open view. Sometimes this iniquity, he observes, proceeds "from a malicious constitution of nature, an acrimonious or choleric temper of blood." To suppress the angry motions of such a temper, "is a work of toil and difficulty, perpetual watchfulness and unceasing prayer." Sometimes it springs from self-love, and pride, and a vain conceit of our own opinions." Hence a man, "who is almost always in the wrong," will be prompt "in pronouncing error and heresy" upon every notion and practice that differs from his own. He takes the freedom to choose a religion for himself, but he allows no man besides the same liberty. He is sure he has reason to dissent from others, but no man has reason to dissent from him. [Herald of the Prairies.

[From Mr. Lunt's Artillery Election Sermon.]

FORCE, REASON, LOVE.

Force, Reason, Love. These three principles all enter into the methods by which Providence controls and governs the world. They all have a place, an appropriate place, in the Divine administration of the affairs of the universe. Not force alone, nor reason alone, nor yet love alone, is to govern in such a world as we are living in. Each of these principles has its sphere marked out for it, its office to perform, its part to contribute to the general end. And every theory, that would do justice to the plain facts of life, must recognize all these principles.

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Those who have been accustomed to the use of force exclusively to govern their fellow-men, are too apt to be sceptical concerning the efficacy or practicability of any other kind of influence. The rigid disciplinarian of the quarter-deck, the "Iron Duke" of armed legions, or the stern pedagogue of the type of the last century are unable to conceive it possible to govern boys or men in any other way than by the rope's end, or the rod, or the bayonet. The suggestion that other modes may be employed with success, would furnish proof positive, to such minds, of derangement on the part of him who should make it. And an equally narrow way of thinking is often witnessed in those who take up the notion that every thing is to be effected by reason or by love, and who exclude force from the lawful and God-appointed instrumentalities by which the world is to be controlled. Now against this narrow way of thinking, the Bible as well as human life, is a continued protest.

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But if there be, as the Discourse has endeavored to show, a place for Force, in the arrangements of Providence, there is also a place, and a much higher place for Reason.

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The ancient Scriptures furnish a striking illustration of the two kinds of greatness we are comparing, in the history, which they record, of the two nations that sprang from Esau and Jacob. Esau was a "cunning hunter;" and he afterwards became a successful military chief.—He possessed himself, by force, of Mount Seir, established there a splendid military authority, and left to succeed him, a line of dukes and kings, who built for themselves a safe, and, for a long time, an impregnable fortress "in the clefts of the rock." But what is there left now to testify of Edom? They who lifted themselves up as the eagle, and who set their nests among the stars, were long since brought low. The fierce scream of that mountain eagle was long ago silenced. And when, as a people, they passed away, they left no perceptible influence upon the world; there is nothing to show how great they once were, in any institutions, any modes of thought, any social, political, religious, moral principles, left by them as a legacy to after times. Nothing of Edom remains except the rocky city which still stands, without inhabitants, in the desert, to convince the awe-struck traveller of the truth of God's prophetic denunciations.

Jacob too, was the father of a nation, but how different in its character and destiny, and influence upon the world, from that we have been contemplating! As different as were the personal qualities and habits of their respective founders. The Patriarch Jacob was a man of mild and gentle disposition. He "dwelt in tents;" he led a regular life, a life of quiet industry, that served to moderate the passions, that encouraged thought and reflection. His pursuits, instead of exciting and inflaming, sobered and calmed the mind, and gave room for reason and the higher sentiments to operate.—While employed as a shepherd or as a "tiller of the ground," he would receive into his soul the bland and awful influences of Nature; there would be stamped upon his mind an image of the order, regularity, obedience to fixed laws, which mark the works of God; he would experience the full power of the religious sentiment; he would see visions of angels ascending and descending above his head; he would make covenants with his unseen Guide and Protector; he would set up pillars of stone to mark as sacred, the spots where his mind had been elevated and inspired by religious ideas and emotions. And the peculiar character which was in this way formed would be communicated to his descendants. The people that traced their origin back to the Patriarch Jacob, were eminently religious, and they were governed by fixed laws. The whole civilized world has been influenced by Hebrew thoughts and principles. "Out of Jacob came the star" which still shines to guide the nations, and "out of Israel came the sceptre" which is destined to bear sway through the earth.

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Finally, while Force is the agent employed by the Military Leader, and Reason or Intelligence is appealed to by the Lawgiver, Christianity relies upon Love. Christianity, by this principle of universal love which it inculcates, by this spirit of humanity which it breathes into the soul, lays the foundation of a kind international sentiment, which cannot but modify the relations of different countries to each other, and prevent the growth of those bitter prejudices and antipathies which are sure to find bloody expression in war.

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In a Christian community men, instead of standing isolated, or in narrow circles, eyeing with jealousy and hatred all beyond that narrow line, are grouped together by millions and hundreds of millions, and their hearts learn to expand, their affections reach abroad widely, their sentiments become large, and comprehensive. And there cannot manifestly, be any large nation, without an approach to the sentiment of universal love which the Divine Religion of Christ inculcates. In accordance with this cardinal precept of love, it is the noble aim of Christianity, without interfering directly in political or civil arrangements, and without prescribing any form of polity, or establishing any visible kingdom, to form a communion of man with man the world over, irrespective of place of birth, of color or of race. And our best hope for the world must be that this Christian idea of communion, of a community, may be realized more and more perfectly. It has already proved fatal to many of the odious inequalities and oppressions that have afflicted our race. Christianity was sure, if its doctrines and maxims were received, to result in free political institutions. And the more fully the Christian idea of communion is understood and acted on, the stronger, more permanent, and safer will be the basis upon which society will rest. Stronger than all external bands of mere force, is that communion of feeling which grows out of the love which our Religion inspires.

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We cannot refuse to entertain the vision, which has ever been seen by hopeful minds, of a period, in the coming ages, of perpetual and universal peace, when the trumpet shall be hung in the hall, no more to bray its harsh summons to conflict, when the arts of peace, the earth over, shall "beat men's swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning hooks." Grant, if you will, that this is but a vision, a dream of philanthropy. That is no reason why it should be sneeringly rejected. It has gladdened and strengthened the hearts of the good and of the wise too, in every generation. Blot out, if any are bold enough so to do, from the pages of Scripture, the prophecy which foreshows this blessed era, still some similar promise would before long, be uttered from the depths of man's soul. That soul is ever prophetic of good, through the principle of hope which God has implanted in it. Tossed as human beings are on a flood of restless, boisterous waters, hope brings to the ark, in which the interests of the race are floating, a sign of some Ararat on which man shall rest at last, and the bow of God upon the black cloud is a *cheering* token of serene skies that are yet to smile upon the world. We cannot afford to dismiss this hope from our hearts.

A TUTELARY SHADE FOR THE EDUCATIONISTS.

The moral propriety of separating secular from religious instruction has received an unexpected sanction, as it were from the other world, in the posthumous declaration of Dr. Chalmers.

The great "difficulty" with which the statesmen who advocate public education have to contend, in separating secular instruction from religion, is not their own conviction that such a separation would be in any way dangerous, but the fear of what others will think. Ministers know that they do not waver in their own faith; they know that they are not so many witty Voltaires disguised as whig statesmen; they know

well enough that they are not bent upon "undermining the Protestant religion," or "all religion;" and they know that nobody really believes they are: they are simply afraid of the epithets which the professedly sanctimonious do not scruple to use. Timid people dread the epithets of the foul-mouthed in proportion to the very extravagance of the vituperation; and thus the less applicable, the more a statesman shrinks at the mere threat of being called "infidel."

Now Dr. Chalmers was one of those fortunate beings who reconcile opposite influences. The emphatic cordiality of his nature helped to impress all with the sense of the piety within him. It would be a profitless and unpopular outrage to level the epithet of infidel at *him*. No man ever was known on stronger evidence to be more hearty in his piety, in his zeal to advance religion. He was an avowed advocate for making religion the highest duty of a state. But his acute insight into worldly affairs made him perceive the fact, that while men are hesitating to permit secular without religious instruction—while they cannot agree about the religion to be taught—a large portion of the people remains hopelessly wicked through sheer ignorance. To promote religion, therefore, in this testamentary declaration he exhorts statesmen to separate the religious instruction from the secular. His motives are unimpeachable, his name is unassailable.

Here then is a position for timid ministers; let them take their stand under the shelter of Dr. Chalmers' name. Let them stick by his text—declaring that they want no more than the great teacher of theology in the strictest section of the church of Scotland would have been satisfied with. [Spectator, 3 July.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, AUGUST 21, 1847.

A LETTER FROM REV. S. MAY, JR.

We have received a letter from Mr. May, in reference to the article in which his name appeared in the last week's Register. In the introductory portion of it, he wishes to "correct an erroneous interpretation" put upon the letter copied from the Liberator of June 4th. The Rev. F. Bishop of Exeter, (Eng.,) quoted him as saying that "American Unitarians as a body viewed with blank indifference the subject of slavery." And this we think the natural impression which the letter in the Liberator was calculated to make. But Mr. May wishes to be understood (as he "meant") to speak of the Unitarian body "as represented by the American Unitarian Association," of whose action he had just been writing. He "regrets that he did not distinctly express this."

We alluded to Mr. May's letter as "one source of misapprehension" of American Unitarians by their English brethren. His letter and Mr. Bishop's which accompanied it, spoke for themselves. We cheerfully make the correction which he requests. But the remainder of his communication is only a re-affirmation, at considerable length, of what he had said in the Liberator, with special application to the American Unitarian Association, and to "the greater part of those who," he says, "have been long accustomed to advise and to shape the action of the denomination." We cannot consent to publish this large portion of his letter, because we regard his unqualified charges as uncandid and unjust; and to renew them through the Register must lead to unprofitable and personal controversy, and prevent that united action, which is so important in the great work of the deliverance of the oppressed.

THE CORRECTION OF MISREPRESENTATION.

It is one of the tactics of party warfare, to throw out surmises or explicit charges against an individual, and then subject him to the task of their refutation, or construe his silence into an acknowledgment of their truth. If used by the political press, it is on the maxim that "all is fair in politics." It is not inconsistent with avowed principles. It professes not to be governed by the Christian law of Love. But the *religious* press, which professes to be set for the defence of the Gospel, cannot adopt such a method of aggression without betraying the Gospel, and becoming false to its professions. For the Gospel requires its disciples to "think no evil;" to "believe all things," until we have sure evidence to the contrary. When we see the Great Master under false accusation, and yet silent; when we see him able to free himself by one word of vindication before Pilate, and yet that word was not spoken, with what fidelity to the Master's spirit can one take the position of the accusers of Jesus, and call on a fellow Christian by name to answer interrogations, or consent to be crucified?

An individual may well hesitate to deny personal allegations, because he knows that a full retraction is very seldom obtained, and that the spirit that prompted the first wrong will not be very scrupulous in a still further wrong. Then there is the consideration of self-respect; or a native feeling of delicacy; or the conviction that a true life will at last pierce through every cloud and make itself visible by its own shining; or the gratifying consciousness of being perfectly understood among those where he most wishes to be understood.

Cecil, who was always "wise in counsel," says in describing a minister that magnifies his office,—"He may be calumniated, but he will avoid hasty vindications of his character. It does not appear that Elisha sent after Naaman to vindicate himself from the falsehoods of Gehazi; there appears much true dignity in this conduct. I fear I should have wanted patience to act thus."

We have been led to make these remarks not only by other events we have lately alluded to, but by the Recorder's persisting in its openly expressed surmises, that Dr. Channing renounced his Unitarian views; that the late Editor of the Register left his post because his position became uncomfortable to him from a change of views, and that "he is not *at liberty* to discuss the matter!" We say these insinuations are absolutely without foundation. The silence which the Recorder wonders at, is from a principle, which, if he has never heard of it before, he may now learn from the lips of Cecil. Nay, since we have said what we have, because perhaps we "have wanted patience to act," otherwise we add what we know to be true, that the late Editor accepts the strictures which appeared in the Register on his remarks on a Modal Trinity, and that the insertion of the words *the divine power in the* before the word "Son," would express his full and true thought. It would then read, "The manifestation of God as the Father—as the Divine Power in the Son in whom God showed himself with the fulness of his mercy and grace—as the Holy Spirit or sanctifying presence of God in the soul of the believer." This is a happy form of statement, and it is purely Unitarian. By its very felicity it may bring home to our hearts more fully the consoling and purifying truths it contains.

ABANDONMENT OF THE WORD "PERSON."

We have for sometime been aware of a growing uneasiness among Orthodox clergymen under the use of the word *person* in respect to the Godhead. Some have dropped it entirely in works professedly doctrinal, which have nevertheless been widely circulated and approved in this country and in England; and the view set forth of Deity has been that of one and the same divine Being in three manifestations—a view which by way of distinction and sometimes invidiousness is called the *Sabellian* view. This form of statement appears in Abbott's Corner Stone, in the First Chapter. "Such, he says, are the three great manifestations of himself to men which the one Unseen all-pervading essence has made." There is but a clause or two, where Jesus seems to be regarded as identical with God, which cannot also be found as fully expressed in Unitarian writings. Instead of the declaration, "The great unseen *assumes* our own human nature," substitute the words of Channing, "unites himself most intimately with our nature," and we know of nothing in the chapter which is not acceptable to Unitarians.

Moreover, so long ago as the year 1835, Professor Stuart wrote an article for the Biblical Repository, in which he labored to show that Sabellius was not a Sabellian, just as he had showed that Arminius was not an Arminian. We should judge that such an article showed a leaning toward their doctrines. However this may be, he wrote in that article as follows:

"Excellent brethren in the ministry I know, who are ready to say at once; 'Dismiss it; [the word person;] for peace and conscience' sake, dismiss it altogether. The time never will come, when men will not cease to abuse it; nor when a definition of it can be made out, which is intelligible and instructive, and at the same time consistent with the unity of the Godhead.' I feel the full force of these considerations."

Professor Stuart was not then persuaded, however, that the time had come for dismissing the word from the theological vocabulary. "Let any one," he added, "who acknowledges the fact of distinctions in the Godhead, make the effort to designate them conveniently, and yet avoid the use of the word *person*, and he will find himself embarrassed."

Eleven years had passed away, and the Professor, in a supplementary note to a revised edition of his Letters to Dr. Channing, published last year, alludes again to the subject. Let us hear what he has to say now. "If I might be permitted freely to speak my own opinion, I would further say, that I should regard the omission of the word *person* in all *church creeds* as quite desirable, in order to avoid fruitless and endless controversy and misunderstanding. * * I need not say how many anxious minds would be calmed. * * * * Nor need I say how much unskilful handling of this great and difficult topic would be prevented."

The form of the doctrine of the Trinity, which has prevailed most in the Church, is doubtless the *subordinarian* view—that which regards the subordination of the second and third persons of the Trinity in point of *rank* or *office*. But the same mental habits which threw off the entire doctrine of the Trinity among one portion of the Congregationalists in New England, have also greatly modified the conceptions of the doctrine of the Trinity among the other portions of the Congregationalists where the doctrine has been retained. The three persons are three *distinctions*, impossible to be rationally conceived, and rationally defined. Such is the view taught at Andover, such is the prevailing view among the New England congregationalists, and wherever out of New England the churches have been supplied from Andover.

These distinctions in the Deity have been termed *eternal* distinctions. Years ago, great stress was laid by Professor Stuart himself upon their acknowledgement. But their importance seems now to have quite faded from his mind. We are glad to see this, especially as the professor speaks not for himself alone, but on the behalf of many of his brethren. If the point be fully carried, and we trust it will be, the result will be so much gain to Christian freedom and truth.

The concluding part of the note to which we have alluded, is worthy of being transcribed. "How was it," he asks, "how was it with the churches, before the Council of Nice? They had no *Creed* drawn up in any formal manner. And nearly all the martyr-spirit, most of the enlarged success in converting the heathen, and high attainments in the spirit of brotherly concord, as well as all the conspicuous Christian graces, belong to the earliest periods of the church. *Have we nothing to learn from facts like these?* My belief is, that the churches must go back, and make more of the BIBLE, and less of Creeds, in order to revive the spirit of the primitive ages of Christianity, when they shall be as anxious to promote brotherly harmony, and kindness, and true liberality, as they have for a long time been to inflame sectarian zeal, and increase the causes of dissension by sectarian creeds, and to treat with severity and contempt or reproach those who differ from them in matters unessential, then will the world once more be constrained to say: *See how these Christians love one another!* Then, to use the last words of the adorable Savior, "will they all be one"; and then, but not till then, "will the world believe that Christ is sent of the Father.

No man has manifested more sensitiveness under reproach than Professor Stuart, none more gratification at confidence and sympathy, none more desire for Christian union. He has suffered for what *he* deemed *unessentials*. His brethren indeed did not so regard them, many of them do not now so regard them. Would that he would extend the same compassion and fraternal love towards others, that he wishes to have extended toward himself. But alas for human infirmity! there cannot be found in any book with which we are acquainted, more "severity and contempt and reproach" than he has himself used in this very book toward Unitarians, from whom he in reality differs so little, both in habits of thought and in results. He is not yet freed from the trammels of sect, nor from that root of all persecution, which is selfishness. He desires a union from which *he* shall not be excluded. He has not yet come "unto the measure of the full stature" of Him who "DIED FOR ALL."

MR. LUNT'S SERMON.

Mr. Lunt's Artillery Election Sermon from which we make a few extracts on the first page, is one of the largest "ordnance" class. It has great breadth and energy of thought, and is written in a pure, forcible, elevated style. Few perhaps will dissent from Mr. L. in the statement that "there is a place given to force in the arrangements of Providence;" but there will probably be less agreement with him in the estimate in which he seems to hold the military as the representative and embodiment of force. The tone, however, of the concluding paragraph of the first extract, harmonizes every thing, and manifests that in the writer's deepest thought the embodiment of force in the military is but a *temporary* working of that Providence which will one day lead man to a higher and purer civilization, and render forever useless the sword and lance, the musket and cannon, whether as symbols, or means of attack or defence. Shall we suggest that at the anniversaries of "the ancient and honorable," they stack their arms *outside* of the Church, in obedience to the sentiment that led one of old to put off his shoes from his feet, because he was on holy ground.

WILL THE POPE FAIL?

We do not dare answer the question. The wisest heads, of men who are close by the scene of his labors, seem to grow giddy as they watch the difficulties around him. His bold liberalism has startled the quiet conservatism of Italy, and encouraged its boiling radicalism in the same proportion. And now, from the varied accounts which we have from Rome, we infer that no one there reads the future with any confidence. The talk of the pope's receding seems to be merely *talk*. And, on the other hand, the promises that he is going on to lead the liberal party of Italy are yet to be fulfilled.

Thus much is clear,—however ultra Protestant prejudices may be distressed at the fact,—however they may attempt to account for it without recognizing the Providence of God,—that pope Pius is a Christian, earnest minister, fearing God, and honoring men. There is no pretence in his charities or his acts of liberality. There is no evidence of coldness in his religious professions. And it is hard to find the crevice in his official demeanour through which the accusation of ambition or selfishness shall be thrust in upon him. Doubtless he has the wisdom of the world,—but it would seem that he has so made friends with the world that when it fails him the children of light will not be afraid to receive him.

We will not, as we say, attempt to solve the question of his future course. It may be that the local difficulties of the administration of the Government of the Roman States will interpose very powerful obstacles to the plans which he would gladly form for the execution of that wider duty in which he looks over the world. From the scanty detail of Roman news which reaches us, the difficulties of this local administration seem to be such as may well overwhelm him who is newly charged with them. It is the misery of human affairs that their pettiest details so often crush down the men who are competent to grapple with their greatest questions. It may be that the Pope will thus sink before the difficulties of the little combinations,—which are called great only because they rattle and clash so near him. Or it may be, to use Mrs. Butler's fine image,—that the stone which he has lifted from a nation crushed beneath its weight shall roll back on him and destroy him. Or, again, it may be, that he, single-handed, may fail in his constant conflict with officials, counsellors and dignitaries, wedded to a set system by all the desperate conservatism of official routine. Presidents of lesser colleges than colleges of cardinals have met with the terrors of such conflicts.

But if the new pope fails, it will not be because, in the *wider* aspects of this present time, his task involves any peculiar difficulty. To call our readers to look at his bright prospects, have we proposed this question to-day. Europe and the world is ready for a liberal pope:—for a reformer on the throne of St. Peter's. The signs of the times have been pointing to such a change. The liberality of Pius is not to be regarded as if it were entirely in face of the influences around him, or as if it were unsustained by any of the combinations or sentiments embraced under the many colored garment of the Catholic Church.

He is only a careless reader of history who permits himself to think that the Church of Rome, cannot, for its purposes, make changes. In the century which followed the Reformation there were periods when it would be hard to say, whether in point of doctrine or of discipline the Reformed Churches or the Roman Church were the more radical. The impulse given to the whole of the old machinery of Rome when the great Jesuit organization was able to seize the handles to its valves,—to adjust the pressure of its steam, and to throw its parts in or out of gear was an impulse as vast as ever was witnessed in history. It involved changes as great as can be conceived of in any institution. And so, to look farther back, the accession to the Papal throne of Gregory the great involved a change of principles, views and system far greater than was involved in England when Cromwell took the throne of Charles I, or in France when Napoleon found himself the successor of a line of Louis. There is nothing so fixed in this Holy Catholic Church, that its modes of action may not be changed by those who are its authorized actors. It has proved itself well nigh impervious to outward assault. But still it has its own means of motion and of effort. When attacked by priest, sensualist or soldier, Luther, Henry or Napoleon, it has known how to draw in feet and arms and lie motionless and submissive in its self-wrought armor,—an arched shell which bears the most pitiless storm of blows,—seeming like a dead stone, and all the while the whole seems impassive and inactive. But as soon as it is let alone, it is quite ready to thrust out an inquiring head,—to peer round cautiously,—and if all investigations are hopeful, if the coast seems clear and the sea open, it will slowly crawl down into its own element,—and there dart off with a swiftness and power which show that its shell was stout, and its passiveness the best of defences.

The Catholic organization admits easily of change of system at head-quarters. Witness its toleration of those whom more foolish sects would call Dissenters! The Catholic Church would never have driven a Wesley or a Whitfield from its body. It can labor by the means of Dominican or Franciscan. They may quarrel as they please, but mother Church can never use both alike for her means.

The general position of affairs at present, welcomes, prays for and will mightily sustain one of these great changes of policy,—which three or four times in the course of the centuries have marked the Church of Rome. That Church has been the bigoted conservative of Europe for some two centuries. In the great voyage of the nations, it has obeyed only the advice of Laodamia,

"Inter mille rates sit tua millesima puppis."

Last among the latest,—behind the most backward, it has loitered along in the course, and with a vigor which surprises one who looks back upon it, has held back its officers and its members.

But this backwardness is not matter of necessity but of mere expediency. There is nothing essentially retrograde or "hold-back" in the government of the Church, as we have said. If its government chooses, it may lead the forlorn hope of the radicalism of its time.

And there is no lack of motives to tempt its government at this day, to undertake, not such an extreme position, but still a vigorous liberal movement as a simple matter of policy—or of wisdom. We do not mean to charge selfishness on Pope or Council, but simply to say that they may well imagine that God's providence at last calls on the Church to march forward,—supposing as they do that to her God has entrusted the redemption of the world. Spain, Italy, yes, and Austria are fair instances to her of the result of the "hold-back" policy. No one can know better than her leaders that in all these sinking countries are men who are thinking, conspiring, hoping or praying for a change of times, for an advance policy. As certainly as the royal poles of these countries show a negative political electricity, so certainly do the popular poles show a positive electricity. This is of course. It is part of the nature of things. Scattered through all Southern Europe is the evidence of the failure of the absolute, and old-time system of administration. And side by side with that evidence, perhaps a part of that evidence, is the wish, are the seekers, for a new system of administration. This wish only needs a central organ to express it. These seekers only want a head.

Again, the signs of our times would seem to show that conspiracy, and assassination and battle, as means of revolutionizing governments, have passed by—revolutions come on more quietly but more surely. "No political change is worth a drop of human blood,"—and yet political changes are as inevitable as they ever were, without rivers of blood or black days of murder. How will they come? How can they come without the agency of some wide spread combination of men, bound together by peaceful ties, existing throughout the nations which are in need and acting under one direction and impulse? If there is such a wide-spread combination, if these peaceful ties bind thousands of active men together in such a nation, should he who gives them impulse and direction choose to speak the word, how can the peaceful revolution fail to come? There may not be one detail changed in the form of government, and yet the whole system be renewed.

That immense combination exists, in the very governments of Europe which are most time-ridden, and precedent-bound. The pope is he who gives it impulse and direction. If he chooses, the impulse and direction may be liberal. He may be the head of the seekers,—he the organ of the wish for liberty. Because, for two centuries, the Papal government has been the ally of the absolute governments, none the less may it become the most terrible thorn toward them. There is nothing to prevent in its position, its prospects, or its constitution.

We have not given ourselves room for that view of the Roman Church in America, which is suggested in this inquiry. At another time we will pursue it. But in view even of European prospects alone, it would seem that if the pope fails it is not for want of a strong political position, most terrible to the absolute governments of southern Europe, which he and the church may occupy. H.

For the Register.

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

New York, Aug. 10, 1847.

FREE CHURCHES IN NEW YORK.

DEAR SIR:—The Broadway Tabernacle was, I believe, the last experiment on the Free Church system in New York, at least among new school Presbyterians. It had been for several years a favorite theory among some of the most active and enterprising spirits in that school, that it was the duty of Christians to provide free church accommodations for all who were willing to come and hear the gospel preached, so that none could plead as an excuse for not attending public worship that they were unable to bear the expense of buying or hiring a seat.

This seemed to be a system well adapted to a large city, New York for example, where not one half of the adult population are in the habit of attending the public services of religion, and where it is so often objected that they could not be accommodated if they desired to attend. Accordingly a few individuals with large and enterprising hearts, would band together, erect a plain but comfortable and commodious house of worship, in a populous neighborhood, assuming the whole expense of the building and of the clergyman's support, and the doors were then thrown open to the public, the sittings were free to all, and any contributions which the congregation might make would be entirely voluntary.

As soon as the house was filled with attendants and the congregation assumed a permanent character,—a portion of the more zealous and enterprising members would colonize in another church in another neighborhood, and in this way as many as five or six new churches were soon built up in the city of which the Tabernacle was one.

But although the Free Church system seemed well adapted to the city, and though it promised well at first, gathering in large numbers to the Sabbath Schools and multiplying the hearers of preaching, it was found difficult to teach the people to share the burdens of those enterprises with the original projectors. It had been reasonably expected that when people once became interested in attending upon preaching, they would soon evince a desire to bear their part in sustaining it, but it generally happened otherwise, and the tax was too heavy to be borne a great while by the pioneers in the undertaking. I have known young business men in these free churches, to pay as much as from $200 to $500 annually each for the support of their minister, besides bearing their share of the expense of erecting the house of worship. And these young men who gave these noble examples of Christian enterprise and liberality were by no means wealthy, but were earning what they gave by the sweat of their brow. It was not strange, however if, after thus freely spending their hard earned gains and finding few or none coming to their assistance, they at length became weary and disheartened. Almost if not quite without exception, the scheme which seemed so well adapted to a city population and from which great and good results had been confidently expected, was finally abandoned. Even the Tabernacle is now but partially on the free seat system, if I am correctly informed, and a large proportion of the seats are sold or hired as in other churches, thus equalizing the expense of supporting public worship.

It was in these Free Churches that the new measures for promoting revivals were the most fully adopted, and the most conclusively tested. Having been a hearer of the preaching and a spectator of the various means employed in these churches in their palmy days, I shall endeavor to recall some of the features of the new measure system, as then exhibited here. It is a very curious and instructive history. But I must reserve this for my next.

Truly Yours, CAITO.

For the Register.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

LONDON, July 13th, 1847.

DEAR L,—You may believe that I am all eyes in this great show box—this cosmorama of strange sights; if I miss anything noteworthy it is not from want of due circumspection or from the fear of being known as an American. Our countrymen sacrifice a good deal to this consideration. They contract the pupils of their eyes to conceal their verdure, and strive to look as if they had trod these pavements from a child. I know not why it is that in most of them there is such a reluctance to confess their country. When they do confess it, it is very much as the fishermen from a certain town in New England were formerly said to report themselves, when the fishery was unsuccessful. "From America, good Lord!" Now, I would not have them go to the opposite extreme and emulate those same fishermen in more prosperous circumstances; but between the two there is a just medium of self-respect which is sadly wanting. The other day at Windsor a countryman of mine, but a stranger to me, wrote against his name in the album for visitors, "London, Hanover square." I was not deceived; I had never seen the man before, but I knew him at once, by certain decisive marks, to be an American and immediately addressed him as such. It is in vain, my country! You cannot be concealed. In vain would you assume the skin of the British lion, your speech bewrayeth you. The transatlantic betrays itself in every accent, in every movement. It betrays itself especially in a certain awkward consciousness, and indecision, a want of self trust which even well bred Americans exhibit, when they come here, in their over anxiety to appear well according to the English standard and not to violate the customs of the land. Americans in England are too fond to copy English manners and too distrustful of their own, which are often better. The discovery that they have neglected some paltry convention, however they might have been justified by rules of universal politeness in so doing, embarrasses them, it incarnadines them, "making the *green* one red." The Englishman with all his disagreeable qualities (and no nation has more of them) is always self-possessed. He is always sure of his ground. He has always been taught to believe that he is the most civilized being, and the only civilized being in the world. Accordingly wherever he goes he carries his country with him. He rejoices to be known as an Englishman. He carries with him the conviction that his own customs are best, that his way of doing things is the true way. So far from copying the manners of other countries, when abroad, he is obstinately retentive of his own. The Englishman always knows his place. Be he beggar or peer, he has his proper, well ascertained and well defined position, which he understands and makes the most of. He stands on his own basis and stands firm. Hence a dignified carriage among all classes, which I have not seen equalled in any other nation. If the American would feel at home in England he must consent to be known as an American, he must be proud to pass for such. He must assert his country with emphasis; and his country's customs so far as consistent with universal good breeding. He shall not lack honor for his country's sake, if he will but seem to claim it on that ground, if he will but honor his country in himself. Let him but carry himself with half the dignity of an English footman and he shall prosper.

The first impression which London makes on the stranger, especially on the American, is not favorable. It is rather an impression of disgust. The first thing we see in any object or assemblage of objects presented to the eye is color. Now the color of London is one universal smuch. The fatal coal smoke combining with the moist atmosphere paints all things with this foul tint. And the general squalor is enhanced by the original quality of the brick, so different from the smooth and clean looking parallellopiped known to us by that name. Not only the brick but the stone,—public buildings as well as private, the noblest as well as the meanest—all wear this horrid livery. St. Paul's is a huge, black mass with occasional white spots which show like leprosy on its face and sides. The only buildings which please me are Newgate Prison with whose stern character the dingy hue agrees, and the new Parliament house which has not yet contracted it, and which is really a magnificent edifice. But in vain the eye seeks something clean and nice on which to repose. There is nothing nice in London but the white stockings of the crimson-breeched footmen. And these liveried footmen, to an American eye, —next to the dinginess—are the most characteristic feature of the place. Considered merely as a show, they are very pleasing apparitions. To be sure, the show will not bear analyzing or reflecting on. The livery is a badge of servitude which its gaudiness but renders the more disgusting. May it never become common with us! The English may say what they please of American slavery—and they can hardly paint it blacker than it is—but considering the difference in the races—the difference which exists in our feeling if nowere else—a liveried Saxon with his servile bravery, so marked amid the sober costumes of this age, suggests a degradation as painful as anything which *appears in public* of the "patriarchal institution." And as the slaves in our Southern cities,

"So perfect is their misery,
"Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,"

but look with contempt on the free black; so these footmen are precisely the happiest, the proudest, the most consequential personages one meets with in London.

I have been the round of the lions. I have spelt out the inscriptions in Westminster Abbey, have ascended to the top of St. Paul's, have heard the Lords and the Commons, stared at the jewels in the Tower and touched the edge of the axe that severed Anne Boleyn's head. I will not weary you with these things nor tell you all I thought or felt while viewing them and "doing" them. I will only remark that in the "Poet's corner" in Westminster Abbey, I was more disturbed with what is not, than gratified with what is. I had conceived of it as a perfect gallery of English poets; and so it ought to be. But the very important omissions are altogether incompatible with this character. The want of a monument to Pope and to Johnson (who is represented in St. Paul's but not here) was particularly distressing, if I may use the first word which occurs. The thing which pleased me best here, in the Abbey, was an inscription on one of the monuments—I think it was one of the Dukes of Buckingham in Henry VII's Chapel. It struck me so forcibly that I believe I have retained it.

Dubius non improbus vixi,
Incertus morior non perturbatus;
Deo confido,
Benevolentissimo, Omnipotenti.
Ens Entium
Miserere mei!

The glory of London are its parks and greens which compose nearly a third part of this vast city. Too much cannot be said in praise of these. They are beautiful, noble! I have had far more gratification from them than from anything I have seen of stone or brick.

This too may be said to the credit of London, that it is the best paved, the best lighted and probably the best watered and the best drained city in the world.

In theology I have tried the two extremes. I have been to St. Paul's and to Finsbury Chapel. In the former the service was not so imposing as I had anticipated, notwithstanding the numbers engaged in it—three ministers and I should think more than fifty singers, to say nothing of clerks and vergers &c. &c. There are no female voices, but that part of the music is performed by boys who *angelize* in white frocks. The prayers are all chanted, and the singing is said to be fine. I suppose it is; but devotion with me was out of the question. Had not every feeling of that sort been dissipated by the sing-song invitation to "*pray-ay-ay-ay-ay*," it would have been by the burly and indifferent look of the adult singers and the preacher, of whom it was impossible to conceive, by any stretch of the imagination, that they associated anything religious with their work, and whose prevailing expression was that which may be supposed to result from the combined influence of London "stout" and London greed of gain.

At Finsbury, I was disappointed in not hearing Fox who, it seems, is at Oldham electioneering for a seat in the next Parliament. His place was supplied by a Mr. Cooper, a Chartist poet of some notoriety—a man who has suffered persecution and been imprisoned in the cause of liberty. He spoke without notes, without much ability, but not without effect. What he called praying was not an address to the Deity but a kind of soliloquy in which he stated his views of the purposes and ends of life. The tone was solemn and might even be called devout. The discourse had no text and no connected train of thought. It consisted, for the most part, in a vindication of the belief in God, and of the Christian name in opposition to the broad infidelity of some of his party. On the whole he struck me as an earnest, truth-loving well-intentioned man; and though I dissented from many of his views and was rather shocked by some of his expressions, I was far more edified here than at St. Paul's.

This humble chapel, thought I as I turned my back upon it, has certainly drifted far from the Christian Church, but not so far from true Christianity, if I understand what that is, as the stately Cathedral.

Yours affectionately,

F. H. H.

For the Register.

INTERPRETATION OF ROMANS. IX. 5.

"Of whom, as concerning the flesh, Christ came, who is over all, God blessed forever."

We take the liberty to change the translation as follows:—*Of whom by natural descent Christ came, He who is God over all be blessed forever.*

Why not accept the declaration as it stands in the English version? The following statement will present some of the difficulties of the case.

On the one hand are very plain passages absolutely declaring that "there is one God, the Father," and everybody understands easily what they mean. It is *reasonable* there should be one God. But here is another passage where the Son of God—he who is often represented as deriving his being and power from God—is declared God. How can we understand this? Shall we believe both that the Father is God, and the Son is God? It certainly would be very natural to inquire, Does the passage in which Christ is declared to be the universal God, really teach such a doctrine? Does the New Testament really teach that the Father is the only true God, and that Christ also is the supreme God? May not the translators, who were all fallible men like ourselves, have incorrectly translated the text? Can it not be so translated as to agree with the other declarations that God is One, and he the Father alone, and thus the contradiction disappear, and our perplexity be all relieved? Can it be fairly translated as above—Of whom by natural descent Christ came, He who is God over all be blessed forever.

First, the phrase "as concerning the flesh." It is the same which is used by Paul in verse third of this same chapter, where he speaks of his "kinsmen *according to the flesh*." Without question he means his kinsmen *by natural descent* from Abraham—brethren descended from the same common stock. So Christ came of the fathers—the patriarchs Abraham, Isaac and Jacob—he was their offspring by natural descent, was a Jew. The same phrase is found in Acts ii. 30,—"that from the fruit of David's loins, according to the flesh, (i. e. by natural descent,) God would raise up Christ to sit on his throne." Now retain the translation "Christ, who is God over all," and read it as follows,—Of whom (i. e. the fathers) Christ came by natural descent, who is the universal God forever. Such a declaration must surely astound all but those who are accustomed to speak of the virgin Mary as "mother of God." The absurdity is pushed a little farther back, by those who adopt the phrase—*as to his human nature* instead of "as concerning the flesh," or "according to the flesh." But why take the phrase in verse fifth, any differently from what it clearly means in verse third, just before —"my kinsmen according to the flesh;" which surely cannot mean my kinsmen as to *their human nature*, for in this sense *all* men, as well as the Jews, were Paul's kinsmen.

Secondly, the phrase "who is over all, God blessed forever." It will not be denied by any scholar that the first part of this clause, viz. "*who is over all God*," may be rendered, *the over all God*, or *he who is over all God*, i. e. he who is the universal God; the God both of Jews and Gentiles.*

We next ask, Can it be a doxology? Can it be translated, *the universal God be blessed forever*? There is no one who brings forward objections to this more strongly than Professor Stuart in his Letters to Channing, or in his Commentary. (1) The word "blessed" is uniformly placed *first* in a doxology, whereas here it is last. (2) We must have an article with the word, translated God. (3) There ought to be some particle of transition to denote so great a change. (4) A doxology does not fit the passage in question.

First objection, that the word "blessed" is uniformly placed *first* in a doxology, whereas here it is *last*. Though "uniformly," it is not universally; and a single instance where it is placed last, besides our text, destroys the objection. Now in Job xii. 21, there occurs a doxology, where the word "blessed" is put *last*, both in the Hebrew, and in the Greek Septuagint. The only difference is, that in Job the verb *to be* is expressed—a verb which is not written but implied, about as many times as it is expressed. It is word for word as follows:—

Be the name of Jehovah blessed.

In Paul, with the form of expression as it is in the original, "the universal God," the verb *to be* could not well be expressed.† But as it may be implied, and as it is virtually contained in the verbal "blessed," the construction is in principle the same,—

Be the universal God blessed forever. i. e.
The universal God be forever praised!‡

Second objection, that "the word God must have the *article* with it." It is so by our construction, viz. the universal God. The objection holds good only against the following interpretation, which some adopt—who, [viz. the Messiah] is over all, God be blessed forever.

Third objection, that "there ought to be some particle of transition." It is sufficient to reply there is such a particle no where else in any such doxology in the Bible.§ Moreover, the insertion of a particle is made to rest on the assumption of a "great change" involved in a doxology. This assumption we shall perceive to be utterly groundless, in our reply to the fourth objection.

Fourth objection, that such a doxology does not fit the passage. And the professor praises Crellius as "candid enough to own, that when the apostle was affected with the greatest sadness on account of the unbelief of his countrymen, a doxology or exclamation of praise was not very congruous, and a prayer would be more appropriate." Now we think this a greater mark of rashness and want of judgment than of candor in Crellius, or in any body else who should own the same thing, and we cannot refrain from smiling at the Professor's implication, that all who do not make the same admission with Crellius must be wanting in candor. Let us see whether a doxology does not fit the passage. Paul had confessed his grief for the unbelief of his countrymen. Is it inappropriate to thank God, the God both of Jew and Gentile, that notwithstanding the unbelief of the Jewish nation, yet Christ had come? Is it a genuine Pauline sentiment, and turn of expression, and is in special harmony with this particular chapter. The exigency of the passage demands it. But let us see how the objection of unfitness can be maintained in another similar doxology. In chapter 7th of this same epistle, the apostle exclaims, "O wretched man that I am!" and yet his very next words are, "I thank God through Jesus Christ my Lord."

In the face, then, of all objections; in harmony with accustomed modes of speaking; in accordance with the scope of the Scriptures, we have established the interpretation, OF WHOM [i. e. the fathers,] CHRIST CAME BY NATURAL DESCENT, HE WHO IS GOD OVER ALL BE BLESSED FOREVER! This interpretation being in harmony with those texts which declare that the Father is the only true God, is on this account to be preferred; nay, demands to be received. To make it declare the absolute deity of Christ, in the face of the texts that speak of the Father alone as absolute Deity, to do this, when it can be fairly translated otherwise, is "wresting the Scriptures." Paul does not affirm the supreme Godhead of Christ, but by the very form of expression denies it as absolutely as possible.

*. We add a justification of our rendering, which the reader, who does not wish to trouble himself with *Greek* words may pass over. The original phrase is ὁ ὢν ἐπὶ πάντων θεὸς. It is remarked by Prof. Stuart, that "whenever the article ὁ is used for the relative ὃς it invariably takes the participle ὤν instead of the verb ἐστί." Prof. S. considers it *a simple relative*, and translates it *who;* and unquestionably he can do so. But the relative sometimes includes the antecedent, and is rendered *he who*, and therefore the phrase may be here rendered *he who is over all God*. Or taking it as an *article*, and not a relative, it falls under a principle given in Robinson's Lexicon of the New Testament, where the article is used "with a participle adjunct, and the construction is nearly the same as with adjectives, and the participle stands between the noun and article." An illustration of this principle occurs in Matt. ii. 2—"Where is *he that is born king* of the Jews?" It is a similar construction with the phrase we are considering. The Greek scholar will at once discern it—ὁ τεχθεὶς βασιλεὺς, *the born king;* ὁ ὢν ἐς, *the universal God*.

†. Let the Greek scholar try it, and his ear will reject it at once.

‡. Still another instance of the use of the word "blessed" in Greek *after* the noun is Ps. 67. 19—"Blessed is the Lord." Tholuck says this is the sole exception. But we have already seen there is still another. Professor Stuart does not mention the former. If Paul wished to utter the sentiment,—Be the universal God blessed forever,—the apostle could not well do it in any other form than that which he has here employed. With the phrase εἰς τοὺς αἰῶνας, "forever,"—who can manage the word εὐλογητὸς except by letting it stay where it is, in the doxology? Put it *before* the article ὁ, and it will read, "he who is the universal God forever," i. e., the universal eternal God, or he who is always the universal God. Put the Greek words translated "blessed forever" before the phrase translated "who is over all God," and any Greek ear will perceive they are out of place. Insert the verb εἰη

as in the Septuagint, in Job i. 21, before ὁ ὤν and it is a violation of euphony which cannot be found in any Greek writer however rude.

¶. In the former editions of his Letters to Dr. Channing, Professor S. mentioned the particle "δε for instance." He has prudently withdrawn this in his edition published last year, nor does he venture to specify any other.

N. S. F.

For the Register.

MR. EDITOR,—The letter of Rev. S. May, JR., published in your last paper, may produce a desire in some of your readers, to learn the objections which were brought against the resolutions proposed by him at the last meeting of the American Unitarian Association.

Of those resolutions, as modified by their author, the first was passed with but a single opposing vote. The objections felt by members of the Association were therefore obviously directed against the second, "that no slave-holder ought to be elected to any office or agency in this Association." The reasons urged against the adoption of this resolution, were, as far as I remember, as follows.

First, that the vote was unnecessary, as under the new constitution, the contingency to be guarded against could not probably arise.

Secondly, that under the circumstances, the resolution wore a personal aspect. The facts are these. The American Unitarian Association has, until the present year, followed the custom so common among religious and benevolent societies, of electing as Vice-Presidents, a number of gentlemen, many of them residents in distant parts of the country. To those thus residing, the office was of course simply honorary, the individuals taking no part in the management of the institution. As it was the principle in the selection of this honorary board, to apportion them in some degree among the different sections of the country, two names had been placed on the list, of gentlemen residing in South Carolina and Georgia. At their election, no one probably thought whether they were slave-holders or not; but certainly, at the election of one of them, in 1845, some did think of the noble stand he had taken shortly before, in befriending the agent of the State of Massachusetts, when exposed to ill treatment from the supporters of slavery. These gentlemen however, it now appears, are both slave-holders. The new constitution of the Association dispenses with them, and with the whole board of honorary vice-presidents. It appeared to some of us that as the Association had, unasked, elected these gentlemen, it was quite sufficient for propriety or conscience, thus to leave them off our list and render it impossible for them to be elected to the office in future, without directly stigmatizing them as unworthy of the post in which we had placed them.

A third reason, advocated with great power by two of the most eminent friends of the slave in our country, was the inconsistency of the proposed resolution with the principles which we have always maintained of the right of private judgment, and the protest we have always borne against attempts to control opinion by systems of exclusion.

The writer of these remarks took part in the discussion referred to, and gives from recollection the topics of argument used by himself and others. He requests through you, as a matter of justice, their republication in the London Inquirer, which has copied Mr May's letter. At the same time, he feels called on to state, with perfect respect, that he does not regard himself as responsible to the Unitarian community in Great Britain, for his vote or language on that occasion, or generally for the manner in which he discharges his duty as a pastor or as a citizen; and should it ever be his lot to tread the shore of England, much as he should regret to lose the intercourse of her eminent Unitarian clergy, he would far rather meet that penalty than accept a hospitality which would be refused to any of his brethren, or granted only after a degrading process of examination.

S. G. B.

Nashua, N. H.

NORMAL SCHOOL AT WEST NEWTON.

The following interesting notice (from the Practical Christian) of the late examination of the Normal School at Newton, was necessarily deferred last week for want of room. We are glad to avail ourselves of so fitting an occasion for calling attention to this Institution, and to the faithful and successful labors of its devoted Principal; a gentleman whom we have known from his early manhood, and of whom (in view of the late violent attacks of sectarian bigotry upon the Normal Schools,) we feel bound to say, that in the whole circle of our acquaintance we know not the man, who in our judgment, has in all circumstances of life, furnished a higher example of the christian spirit of meekness and faith,—a greater freedom from all party-narrowness and bigotry, or a more conscientious and successful devotedness to his duty as a teacher.

We take great pleasure in mentioning that we attended the examination of this Institution at the close of the Summer term, on Tuesday the 27th ult. It is under the charge of Rev. Cyrus Peirce as Principal, who is assisted by Miss Electa N. Lincoln, and Miss Sarah Watson. It is patronised by the State, is under the special supervision of the Board of Education, and is devoted exclusively to the qualification of female teachers for our public schools. It has justly acquired a high reputation, and is destined to confer immense benefits on the rising generation. There, under its excellent Principal and his accomplished Assistants, between sixty and one hundred young women are continually in process of instruction for the important office of Teachers. No one is expected to enter for less than one year, during which she is faithfully trained in the essential requisites of the profession, theoretical and practical, according to the latest substantial improvements in the art of teaching.

The recent examination was properly a private one, in presence of a few invited friends. It was exceedingly creditable to the Institution, its instructors and pupils. It was delightful to a mind watching for the progress of our race, to see so many young women, future teachers, wives, mothers, and influential members of society, exhibiting such proficiency in the solid practical sciences, comprehending almost every branch of the mathematics up to the more recondite problems taught in our universities. Will females thus disciplined to think and reason for themselves be the mere playthings or drudges of low minded men? Will not a fair proportion of them, at least, rise to the true dignity of womanhood, and by rational companionship with deserving men in all noble pursuits, eminently contribute to the elevation of both sexes? We hope for great results. We recommend to those parents who have daughters, possessing decent natural qualifications and a fondness for teaching the young, to procure them the advantages of this Normal School without delay.

After examination, the whole school, with its guests, refreshed themselves at a pic-nic in the grove near the Hon. Horace Mann's which was served up in capital taste, and went off handsomely throughout. Among other entertainments at the grove, addresses were made by Hon. Samuel Hoar, Rev. Jason Whitman, Professor Sears, Rev. Seth Stetson, and the writer. The manuscript periodical of the school, called *The Experiment*, was also read to the general gratification of the company. Success to the Female Normal School at West Newton, and blessings in rich abundance on all who seek its welfare.

REV. JAMES C. RICHMOND'S THEOLOGICAL CHALLENGE.

"This gentleman has challenged Harvard University to attack the 'divine doctrines of the Episcopacy, the Holy Trinity, and the Atonement for sins,' and he proposes to defend them at such time and place as the University shall select." [Daily paper.

We presume no one has wished this gentleman's challenge of Harvard to be accepted, except such as would like to see the University make a *faux pas*. The Puritan speaks of him as follows; and many others who have seen, or who knew him, have received the same impression:—

"The Rev. James C. Richmond, who challenged Harvard College to a discussion, and was called some Hotspur at the *South* in the Puritan of July 29th, says he is a native born and bred *Rhode Islander*. If we may judge from his appearance in our office, our epithet was more than sustained. He seemed to us to be a fit subject for the insane hospital."

But even if the gentleman were entirely sane, the method of discussion proposed is in accordance with times and customs forever gone by. It is about as well suited to the present day, as "the divine institution of Episcopacy" and the claim of being "the Church" are to the tastes and wants of New England.

For the amusement of our readers we add the following epigram from the Boston Courier.

EPIGRAM ON THE ABOVE.

Fie, fie, Dr. Richmond! you wish Alma Mater
To turn Controvertist, and "get in hot water!"
And why on the *Trinity* urge her attack?
Of errors, 't is surely most stale in the pack!
And, till *figures* will *lie*, and *three* ones be but *one*,
'Tis in vain to maintain it by quillet and pun;
You may play "cups and ball" with a *word* as you will,
Yet *one* wont be *three*, sir, but only *one* still;
Besides, sir, consider, Dame Harvard's well-bred,
And polite people "never speak ill of the dead!"

Q.

August 9th, 1847.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"GATHERED TO HIS PEOPLE." A Sermon preached in the Congregational Church at Jamaica Plain, Roxbury, Saturday, June 5th, 1847, at the funeral of REV. THOMAS GRAY. By N. L. Frothingham, Minister of the First Church in Boston.

This Sermon by Rev. Dr. Frothingham, is a just and faithful tribute to the memory of a venerable and worthy minister of the Everlasting Gospel who had labored quietly and successfully in one field for more than half a century. When we say that this tribute is in the best manner of its highly-esteemed author,—that all its words are wisely chosen, and all its praise carefully discriminative, we have said enough to excite an earnest desire for its perusal. After a rapid sketch of his long and useful, but uneventful life, the character of Dr. G. is truthfully and gracefully sketched, a short portion of which is all for which we have room.

"And now friends, we have come together to show regard to his memory and to the memories of former days by meeting his relics in his Church, where they remain an hour as they are carried from the house that was his constant dwelling to that which we enter but once. As you look about you, you perceive how short the distance is from one to the other. There is nothing but the Church between them. How small a circle would compass the three! I cannot but reflect that such a circle would represent in some degree the course of his thought and action. Fifty-five years were lived within this scene. He expended his mind here. He died here. He dwelt among his people, as he is now "gathered to his people." He had no purpose or wish that wandered away from them. He did not seek a great sphere for himself. If the nearest of his kindred could draw delight from the travel or the residence in foreign lands, he followed with his love only, and not with a single "truant disposition." His eyes were contented with the views that lay around him, and which cost nothing to enjoy. His best travels were those of good-will from house to house. His chief joy was at home; and his whole parish was but a wider home. His Church was at his door, and he never wished it further off. By the side of it lay the rural cemetery, in the adorning of which, fourteen years ago, he felt a concern such as belongs only to persons of sensibility. To its growing shades he loved often to repair. And beyond these narrow precincts of space and time, but under the same benignant sky of providential appointment, he contemplated the house that has many mansions; the Church of the first-born with their names in heaven; the gates of life and not of death; the country, the better one, that the saints are seeking; and the city of the Great King."

THE NINETEENTH ANNUAL REPORT of the Sunday School Society, with an account of the proceedings at the Public Annual Meeting, twenty-sixth May, 1847. pp., 24.

This is an excellent Report, and should have a wide circulation among our clergymen and Sunday School Teachers. It contains an elaborate and forcible argument in favor of a systematic course of religious or doctrinal instruction for all our Sunday Schools. In preparing this Report and in enforcing so strongly and eloquently this important point, the Rev. Mr. Brooks, the Corresponding Secretary of the Society, has done a good work for the institution and the times. Our theory of the child's nature recognises as no other system does, culture as the great means by which its whole nature is to be unfolded, strengthened, sanctified and saved; —and religious or spiritual culture as that which should be regarded as the highest and best. As our Sunday Schools are the only efficient agency by which as yet this culture has been provided for, so it is desirable that they should adopt such a course of instruction that all the Christian doctrines in their "order, simplicity and power" may be imparted to every pupil which shall come under their instruction. We call especial attention to this point of all those who feel an interest in the rising generations. The leading idea of this Report may be gathered from the following short extract.

"The great aim is the sanctification of the heart by piety and holiness; or, in other words, to make each soul *one* with Christ *as* he is one with the Father. The nearest approach to this highest of all results is gained by teaching the doctrines which Christ taught, *omitting no one*. All the doctrines of Christ are essential to vital Christianity. Those doctrines have an inseparable fellowship with the living system of divine truth, and therefore ought to be made to tell as soon as possible on the heart of childhood; it always being understood that doctrines are to be imparted to children only so far as they can comprehend them. If Heaven's seal be pressed on fresh and plastic childhood, the signatures will be legible through life."

THEORY AND PRACTICE OF TEACHING. By D. P. Page.

The Theory of teaching has been so little understood or studied the last few years, that we gladly welcome every attempt to throw light upon the subject. Men have engaged in this most arduous and difficult profession without any theory, and, in most cases, without any especial preparation for the important duties which they were to discharge. A failure in other employments, or a desire to maintain oneself while preparing for another profession, has too often led to the adoption of this; and it seems to have scarcely entered into the minds of any to begin by studying the art of teaching, as they would study law or medicine in entering upon those professions. Even had the teacher wished to commence in this way, there were no books for him to consult which would be likely to give him much light on the subject. The old works of Locke and Milton treat rather of the proper studies to be pursued, than the art of teaching and governing a school. They are valuable aids and should be read by every teacher who would have a thorough knowledge of his profession, but these authors did not contemplate a state of society like ours, with its schools spread over the whole broad surface of the land, and consequently their works do not meet the wants of the present day. It is but a very few years since the conscientious teacher had anything more than his own individual experience to depend upon, and the knowledge he might derive from the experience of other teachers in his own immediate neighborhood. None thought of writing the results obtained with so much difficulty in a book, and of thus preserving it for those who should come after them. The young man, just entering on his profession, instead of beginning where his predecessors had left off, began little in advance of where they began, and was compelled to make similar experiments and mistakes in order to acquire a similar experience. The necessary consequence followed. The art of teaching did not improve like the other arts and professions. Children were taught as their fathers had been; and the same mill-horse round was pursued in the schools from generation to generation.

The last few years have wrought a great revolution in the art of teaching. Books treating professedly on the subject have multiplied, and an immense amount of knowledge has been disseminated by means of periodicals, lectures &c. Had the labors of Mr. Mann and his coadjutors been productive of no other effect than to draw forth these books, they would have been invaluable to the country. Teachers have no longer an excuse for ignorance of their profession. The knowledge derived from the experience of the best and most successful of their brethren, is freely offered to guide the younger and more inexperienced. The light of a better day has dawned, and all excepting those who wilfully close their eyes may walk in its brightness.

The book before us by Mr. Page, is one of the best we have seen, and is eminently well adapted to the use of the teachers in our common schools. Every one of them ought to read it. One great excellence of the work is its minuteness. It descends to particulars, and takes up in detail the faults to be avoided and the excellencies to be attained by a faithful teacher. We were particularly pleased with the section on "Waking up Mind," and the illustration of the Ear of Corn. The "Pouring in Process" and the "Drawing out Process" treat of pernicious faults in teaching, if that can be called teaching in which the pupil intellectually takes no part. In nothing is greater judgment required on the part of the teacher than in the amount of assistance which he gives to his pupils—to afford neither too much nor too little. Too much aid renders the pupil indolent and indifferent, and his mind acquires neither activity nor self-reliance; too little, discourages and disgusts him with all study, and, insomuch as it is apparently the result of a less amiable feeling on the part of the teacher, is much the worse extreme of the two. Mr. Page has some excellent remarks on both of these faults, and then points out "The More Excellent Way." We would especially recommend to teachers the chapter on personal habits. They deserve far more attention than many excellent people are willing to allow. Manners are most important to all who have much intercourse with men. The purest act of kindness loses half its value when done in an ungracious way; and the man of a warm heart and benevolent feelings may greatly weaken if not destroy his influence by rough and forbidding manners and a vulgar exterior. This is especially the case with children. How important then, that the teacher should have refined manners and correct habits—that he should be neat in his person, and kind and courteous in all his intercourse with his pupils.

The theory of teaching has been more frequently treated in books designed to aid teachers, than the practice of the art, and we shall impatiently look forward to the publication of the work on the "Details of Teaching" which Mr. Page promises in his Preface.

N. H. M.

OBITUARY.

MISS MARY ANN WILLARD.

Died in Worcester, suddenly, Miss Mary Ann Willard, aged 26, eldest daughter of Hon. Sidney Willard, of Cambridge. The unexpected intelligence of the death of this young lady, has spread deep gloom among her numerous friends. She was distinguished for her moral worth and intellectual attainments. Her disposition was mild and amiable, and one of enlarged benevolence. Her philanthropic spirit led her to a careful study of those plans which have been proposed for the elevation and progress of the human family; and the same spirit evinced itself in her daily life, all in her society feeling themselves in the presence of a gentle and benignant friend. By her natural vigor of intellect, together with the discipline and knowledge afforded by the best opportunities of education, her mind became enriched with a variety of solid and ornamental learning. Her prominent intellectual trait was clearness of understanding. What was particularly noticeable, was that notwithstanding her mental superiority, she never manifested the least pretension or desire of display. She had an excellent judgment, and was discreet in word and deed. In the capacity of teacher she was faithful, and won the affections of her pupils; and the committee of the High School at Worcester, where she had been for a little less than a year, have expressed their sorrow at the loss they have sustained.—Deep as this affliction must be to her relatives, they will find a solace in the consideration of the christian graces which always adorned her life, and of the sweet composure with which her spirit passed from earth; while all who knew her, will, as long as memory shall recall her, delight in the contemplation of her excellencies, and feel the potent influence of her noble example. Happy is it to leave behind us a character which those who know us will dwell upon with pleasure and profit long after our spirit has returned to its God.'

SECULAR SUMMARY.

FROM ENGLAND. The Steamship Cambria arrived at this port, on Wednesday evening, in fourteen days from Liverpool.

The news of most importance is that the crops in England and on the Continent are promising. Bread stuffs have declined in price. Transactions in cotton are more active. Money is less abundant. The Elections are going on with great earnestness. Thus far it is thought that the Ministerial cause has gained.

The news from the Continent is not important.

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE. The annual Commencement at this College was held on the 29th ult. The graduating class consisted of forty-seven members. The degree of D. D. was conferred on Rev. Isaac Robinson of Stoddard N. H. A large Freshman class has entered. The anniversaries of the several literary Societies of the College occurred on Wednesday the 28th.

It is a fact worthy of notice that of the class of 1797, which numbered thirty, one half the number still survives, after the lapse of half a century. Seven of the survivors were present at the late Commencement.

AMHERST COLLEGE. The public exercises, of commencement week at this College, began on Tuesday evening.

We quote the following statements from the Salem Gazette.

The exercises in Declamation for prizes were on Tuesday evening, and were very creditable to the performers. On Wednesday afternoon, Charles Sumner, Esq., of Boston, addressed the Literary Societies of the College, in a most admirable discourse, upon "Fame and Glory. Rev. Mr. Leavitt, of Providence, addressed the *Alumni*, at a later hour of the same afternoon; and in the evening, Rev. Dr. Adams, of New York city, addressed a society, which is principally sustained by those students who are anticipating the pastoral office or the missionary work in particular. The performances evinced great ability and an excellent spirit.

The exercises of the graduating class were on Thursday, commencing at 9 o'clock, A. M. Sixteen young gentlemen, comprising all but two or three of the class, took part in the exercises. It is but moderate justice to say, that they acquitted themselves satisfactorily and honorably. The elocution was very good, and the style of composition chaste and manly. It would be somewhat invidious, perhaps, to be more particular. A large assembly retired with those feelings, which spontaneously inspire the hearty resolution to come again, if the opportunity be afforded.

Very appropriate notice was taken of the death of Prof. Fiske, while absent for the recovery of his health. He was one of the earliest and most valuable of the officers. His loss is a heavy calamity to the College.

It may be added, that the new class will probably be about fifty. The new building for a cabinet of minerals, and for an Astronomical Observatory, is considerably advanced.

EXTINCTION OF ENGLISH AND AMERICAN PREJUDICES. Under this head the Montreal Weekly Pilot quotes several passages from the London *Daily News*, and says: "We sincerely trust that the friendly relations which now so happily exist between these two great nations may never again be interrupted:"—

To this sentiment we cordially and heartily respond. The following are portions of the extracts referred to.

"If ever there was a time when Englishmen should make up their minds at last to live on terms of courtesy and amity with the men of the same blood and tongue, who inhabit the other side of the Atlantic, the present is that time. A state of things has at length been attained in the new continent, which has obliterated all the old causes of jealousy. To the settlement of the north-eastern frontier on the Maine, has succeeded the settlement of the Oregon.

"Independent of the removal of territorial differences, that great arrangement has just been concluded by which the soil of America, ploughed by the descendants of Englishmen, is made to afford food for the dense population of the mother country, besides in more productive arts than agriculture, those arts supplying the more precious and costly return. At such a time, when free and large intercourse between the two hemispheres is established, it becomes a matter of the first consideration for those who guide and supply public opinion, whether the mutual sentiments of the people of both countries shall continue to be of the old, inveterate, and class kind—whether they shall consist of that contempt of aristocrat and democrat for each other, and of those tory prejudices first sowed on this side of the Atlantic, and which antagonist prejudices have produced a corresponding crop of hatred and depreciation on the other.

"We cannot but think that the time has come for burying such sentiments as these. Wherever they are kept up, they seem to be so more from habit and traditional petulence, than from any fresh or genuine impulse of feeling."

INCREASE OF NEW YORK. A comparison of New York as it is, with what it was twenty years ago, exhibits, in a very striking manner, the rapid growth of the young Empress of the West. The following statistics are given in a morning paper, and are doubtless correct enough in the main, though the population (for instance) may be somewhat overrated:—

	1827.	1847.	Increase
Population,	171,220	392,000	220,880
Imports,	37,783,147	70,269,792	32,486,645
Duties rec'd.	11,178,139	17,300,697	6,122,558
Exports,	22,309,362	37,493,483	15,184,121
Registered tonnage,	128,702	260,896	132,194
Licensed do,	132,443	311,626	173,183
Banks	16,1000,000	24,011,760	7,911,760
Insur. Co's.,	17,450,000	15,886,700	*
Other Corp's.,	4,800,000	18,465,820	13,665,428
Value arrivals by Hudson river,	4,180,000	51,105,256	469,25,256.

The year 1827 was the great year of expansion and speculation in insurance stocks, when Jacob Barker and Henry Eckford flourished and fell. Hence the decrease in that single item. The imports and exports are for 1846. The increase under the head "Arrivals by Hudson river," is worthy of notice. The Erie Canal was first opened in 1827. *That* is the reason.

* * Decrease, 1,563,300.

GROWTH OF MASSACHUSETTS. In 1790, the whole personal property of the State of Massachusetts was estimated at $44,024,347. In 1809 it had increased to $97,949,616. In 1830 it was $205,856,422, and in 1840 it amounted to 299,-880,338. The average in 1840, was $405 50 to each resident of the State, the number of inhabitants being more than 700,000, and in 1847, it will amount to about $3,884,000. From these facts it appears that wealth increases in Massachusetts three times faster than the population. Were the whole property of the State divided, every family consisting of five persons would have an estate worth $2,632. But the cost of living has kept pace with the increase, for the average surplus over consumption is only about $10 per-head.

VIOLATION OF THE LICENSE LAW. Judge Merrick yesterday sentenced John Morrigan, (convicted, on two indictments, for violating the license laws,) to pay a fine of $190,—and if the fine is not paid within one day, then four months imprisonment in the House of Correction.

FROM MEXICO. It appears by late accounts that the report of the capture of the city of Mexico, which was current last week was incorrect. The following items of news are by the Steamer Fashion, from Vera Cruz, August 2d.

Gen. Scott was at Puebla on the 30th of July, when there was strong probability of an immediate advance on the capital.

Gen. Valencia had arrived at the capital with four thousand troops.

Gen. Pierce arrived at Perote after an action with the guerillas, near the National Bridge.

The courier of the British legation arrived at Vera Cruz on the 31st, with correspondence from the capital of the 29th, and from Puebla to the 30th.

Mr. Kendall represents the chances of peace in an unfavorable light. He says Scott will march immediately on the arrival of Pierce—certainly in the first week in August—and it is more than probable that the hardest fight yet will be at the city of Mexico.

Other letters to the Picayune represent the chance of peace in a more favorable light, and think that the resistance to our advance will be almost nominal.

Congress had referred Mr. Buchanan's letter back to the Executive, and thrown on him the responsibilities of the war. The peace party at the capital was strong and increasing. They have no faith in their generals.

LIGHT HOUSE ON COHASSET ROCKS. Our readers are aware that an appropriation was granted at the last session of Congress for commencing the work of erecting a light house on Minot's Ledge, or the outer rocks connected with that dangerous ledge which runs into the bay from Cohasset, and known as Cohasset Rocks. This must be glad news to the navigators of Massachusetts Bay. We learn that a plan for this light house has already been adopted by the Topographical Bureau at Washington. It is to be placed on piles firmly fixed into the solid rock. These piles are to be ponderous bars of wrought iron, nine in number, each thirty feet long, and sixteen inches in diameter. On the top of these piles, which, of course, incline toward a common centre, an iron platform is to be secured, on which will be erected an iron dwelling house of small proportions for the keeper. Above the house, or *cage*, will be fixed the iron lantern, containing a light of great power, to give warning to the anxious mariner, to avoid Cohasset rocks. Mr. Alger, of South Boston, has already commenced work upon the iron piles, and we learn that Mr. Savage, so well known for his successful completion of the Bunker Hill Monument, has undertaken the arduous and disagreeable task of preparing the rock, and drilling holes five feet in depth to receive the piles. This will be a work of time and great labor, as the workmen can continue their task no longer than three hours a day, and only when the weather is particularly favorable—but if Mr. Savage has undertaken it he will accomplish it. [Journal.

☞ NOTICE. The gentleman who borrowed the Eighth Volume of Wesley's Works, from the Office of the Christian Register, is requested to return it.

☞ The same request is made respecting the *First* Volume of The "Modern Traveller."

☞ The same request is also made respecting the *First* "Volume of "Tucker's Light of Nature."

☞ WORCESTER WEST ASSOCIATION.—There will be a meeting at Templeton on Monday, Aug. 23d, at 4 o'clock, P. M.

HENRY F. BOND, Scribe.

☞ The Ladies of East Needham, constituting a Social Benevolent Society, feeling that they have not sufficient calls upon their time, within the limits of their own town, desire to do something to relieve the destitute of the City. If any Societies or individuals will furnish them with cloth—or work—in any shape, they will consider it a favor, and be prompt in attending to it. All bundles may be sent to the store of S. G. SIMPKINS, 96 Washington street, directed to the subscriber.

CAROLINE W. H. DALL, Cor. Sec'ry.
E. Needham, Aug 2, 1847. 3wis aug7

☞ AUTUMNAL CONVENTION OF UNITARIANS. The next Convention will be held in Salem, to commence on Tuesday, Oct 19. The undersigned, appointed at the last Convention to make the necessary arrangements for the next, give this early notice to the Churches of our denomination, and would urge them to accept the kind invitation which has been tendered them by our brethren of Salem.

SAML. OSGOOD,
ALONZO HILL,
JAMES F. CLARKE,
ALBERT FEARING,
HENRY P. FAIRBANKS,
} Committee of Arrangements.

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MARRIAGES.

In this city, 16th inst, by Rev. Mr Lothrop, Mr Francis Kendall to Miss Margaret V., daughter of John Hathaway.

14th inst, by Rev. Mr Higgins, Mr William H. Gammon to Miss Caroline MacRea.

In East Boston, by Rev. Mr Streeter, Mr John W. Glesson, of Andover, to Miss Ellen H. Clapp, of Boston.

In East Cambridge, by Rev. Mr Perkins, Mr Edward L. Gray, of Gloucester, to Miss Maria Fifield, of Fryeburg, Me.

In Hingham, Rev. Silas Ripley, of Foxboro', to Miss Mary F. Wilder, of H.

In Beverly, 15th inst., by Rev. Ira Washburn, Mr Benjamin E. Ludden to Miss Elizabeth, daughter of late Capt. Zebulon Woodberry, 2d, both of Beverly.

In Danvers, on Tuesday evening, by Rev. J. Prince, Mr George R. Carlton, of the Danvers Courier, to Miss Mehitable, daughter of Mr Amos Osborn.

In Lawrence, Mr Milton B. Barney of Lowell, to Miss Sarah Davis of Methuen.

In Newbury, 18th inst, by Rev. D. K. Lee, of Salem, Mr John A. Hoxie of Roxbury, to Miss Elizabeth Curson of Newbury.

In Southboro', Aug. 15, Mr William G. Emerson to Miss Levina H. Fay.

In Stonington, Ct., 12th inst, Ambrose Snow, of Thomaston, to Mrs Sarah Scholfield, of Cambridgeport.

In New York, 15th inst, by Rev. Mr Sommers, Mr Henry Grant to Miss Sarah B. Webster, both of Salem.

DEATHS.

In this city, 14th inst, suddenly, of cholera, Mrs Elizabeth Danforth, formerly of Meredith, N. H., 48.

10th inst, Susan Jane, youngest child of A. R. Holden, 14½ months.

In Charlestown, 16th inst, Norman, son of Silas and Sarah M. Kinsley, 15½ mos.

On Saturday evening, August 14, Frederick, only son of John F. and Mary E. Holbrook, aged 1 year 10 months.

In Dorchester 16th inst, Mrs. Ruth Swan, wife of Reuben Swan, 61.

In Brighton, on Thursday, Aug. 12, Benjamin French, Secretary of the Boylston Insurance Co., about 25.

In Westboro', Aug. 15, Sumner Hudson, Esq., of this city, 56.

In Portsmouth, N. H., on Friday morning, Aug. 13, a daughter of Rev. Andrew P. Peabody, 14 mos.

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ag21 ostf

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JUST PUBLISHED, "A simple method of keeping books by double entry, without the formula or trouble of the *Journal*, adapted to the most extensive wholesale or the smallest retail business;" by George N. Comer, Accountant, Boston. 2d Edition, (1847,) price 62½ cents. Blank Books 30 cts per set.

The unprecedented demand for this work, is its best recommendation—upwards of 200 mercantile firms in the city of Boston having adopted the method, in the short space of one year since its first publication. Numerous testimonials of its excellence have been received from Merchants, Clerks, Professors, Teachers, and the Press. *Professor Tatlock, of Williams College, Mass.*, says, "I am glad that you have made the subject so simple and so plain. I think it decidedly superior to any other work on the subject." *E. B. Whitman, Principal of the Hopkins School, Cambridge*, says, "You have been signally successful in making plain to the comprehension of the pupil every difficult principle of the science." *John D. Philbrick, Teacher of the Mayhew School, Boston*, says, "It is evidently a well digested, practical treatise, and such an one as might be expected from an able, practical accountant." *Isaac F. Shepard, Teacher of the Otis School and Editor of the Boston Bee*, says, "We believe it to be the best system we ever saw." It is a concise, accurate, and time-saving plan, commending itself to the general use of mercantile men."—*Boston Atlas*. "The volume should be in the store of every business man."—*Boston Courier*. "The most concise, common-sense treatise upon double-entry that we have ever seen."—*Boston Traveller*.

For sale by the Booksellers generally, and at COMER'S INITIATORY COUNTING ROOM, NO. 17 STATE STREET, BOSTON. This establishment is open day and evening for instruction in Writing, Book-keeping, and the other requirements of a Merchant's Clerk, upon a system of actual practice. *Students are aided in procuring suitable employment.* The NAVIGATION department is under the immediate charge of a Professor of Nautical Science in the United States Navy. aug21

REMOVAL.

Dr. Rufus E. Dixon,

SURGEON DENTIST,

HAS REMOVED

FROM NO. 7 WINTER STREET TO NO. 22 WINTER STREET,

ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE.

aug14 tf

WESTFORD ACADEMY. The next term of this School will commence, Wednesday, Sept. 1, under the charge of WILLIAM CUSHING.

Westford, Aug. 14, 1847. 3t

SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF FENELON, with a Memoir of His Life by Mrs. Follen, 5th edition; with an introductory chapter by W. E. Channing, DD., and a likeness of Fenelon from the original picture by Vivian. Published and for sale in plain and extra bindings at SIMPKINS'S Book and Stationery Store, 94 Washington street aug14

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CONTENTS OF PART I.

To be issued early in August.

The Playmate's Address, by the Editor. With a picture by Edward Wehnert.

Traditional Ballads. Edited by Felix Summerly. Valentine and Ursine. With two Pictures by Henry Warren.

The Hermit: a Tale. Illustrated by a Dresden Artist.

The Three Sunbeams, by R. H. Horne. With Two Pictures by E. Duncan.

The Natural History of Birds, by Charlotte Smith. With an Illustration.

Little Freddy and his Fiddle, by A. L. Grimm. Translated by Madame de Chatelain. With Four Pictures by E. H. Wehnert.

The Month of May, by Mary Roberts. With a Large Etching by John Absolon.

The following Parts will contain

Articles by Mary Howitt, Felix Summerly, Mrs. S. C. Hall, John Edward Taylor, Meta Taylor, R. H. Horne, Madame de Chatelain, Ambrose Merton, Mrs. Harriet Myrtle, Charles Boner, Mary Roberts, Berthold Auerbach, Hans Christian Andersen, Mrs. James Whitlie, and the Editor.

Pictures of "The Wolf and the Lamb," by Mulready; "The Muscipula and Robinetta" of Sir Joshua Reynolds; "The Church-Stile" of Sir Augustus Callcott; and others from Original Drawings by Redgrove, Townsend, Elmore, Absolon, Goodall, Pickersgill, Wenhert, &c., &c.

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aug7

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aug7 2wis

PROSPECTUS.

THE

MASSACHUSETTS QUARTERLY REVIEW

WILL be published on the first of December, 1847, and continued on the first of March, June, and September.

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The Review will be conducted by R. W. EMERSON, THEODORE PARKER, and J. ELLIOT CABOT, assisted by several other gentlemen.

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Communications, Subscriptions, &c., should be addressed to the Publishers,

COOLIDGE & WILEY,
12 Water Street, Boston.

C. & W., have for sale, at Wholesale and Retail, ALDEN'S PICTORIAL MAP OF THE UNITED STATES. is4mos

July 31, 1847.

Dr. S. Stocking,.....Surgeon Dentist.

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New Ipswich Academy.

EDWARD A. LAWRENCE, PRINCIPAL.

THE Fall Term of eleven weeks will commence on Wednesday, Aug. 25th.

New Ipswich, N. H., July 5th, 1847. 3w j24

JEFFREY R. BRACKETT,

W

POETRY.

TO T. L. H., SIX YEARS OLD, DURING A SICKNESS.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

Sleep breathes at last from out thee,
My little patient boy;
And balmy rest about thee
Smooths off the day's annoy.
I sit me down, and think
Of all thy winning ways:
Yet almost wish, with sudden shrink,
That I had less to praise.

Thy sidelong pillowed meekness,
Thy thanks to all that aid,
Thy heart in pain and weakness,
Of fancied faults afraid;
The little trembling hand
That wipes thy quiet tears,
These, these are things that may demand
Dread memories for years.

Sorrows I've had severe ones,
I will not think of now;
And calmly 'midst my dear ones,
Have wasted with dry brow;
But when thy fingers press
And pat my stooping head,
I cannot bear the gentleness—
The tears are in their bed.

Ah! first-born of thy mother,
When life and hope were new,
Kind playmate of thy brother,
Thy sister, father, too;
My light, where'er I go,
My bird, when prison bound,
My hand in hand companion—so,
My prayers shall hold thee round.

To say 'He has departed'—
'His voice'—'his face'—'is gone;'
To feel impatient-hearted,
Yet feel we must bear on;
Ah, I could not endure
To whisper o: such wo,
Unless I felt this sleep insure
That it will not be so.

Yes, still he's fixed, and sleeping!
This silence too the while—
Its very hush and creeping
Seem whispering as a smile:
Something divine and dim
Seems going by one's ear,
Like parting wings of cherubim,
Who say, 'We've finished here.'

THE IDOL.

"Whatever passes as a cloud between
The mental eye of faith, and things unseen,
Causing that brighter world to disappear,
Or seem less lovely, and its hope less dear;
This is our world, our idol though it bear
Affection's impress, or devotion's air!"

MISCELLANEOUS.

SLAVERY IN KENTUCKY.

The Louisville Examiner has been lately established at the city of Louisville, Ky. A leading purpose of the paper is, by a candid and temperate, yet faithful and independent discussion in regard to slavery in that State, to awaken just sentiments on the subject among the people, and thus to influence public opinion and lead to a convention of the people, who shall determine on making Kentucky a free State.

To show the spirit of the paper and the admirable temper with which it is conducted, we quote the following article from a late number. It appears to be a reply to various letters of advice and inquiry, and is entitled:—

THE ANSWER.

We occupy a difficult position. One, coolly looking on, or sitting snugly in office or parlor, may exclaim,—"Oh, I could do this, or I should not do that—I would say so, or I should not say so, I could easily avoid this difficulty, and use this advantage, and thus succeed." Let him try. He will soon know the reality of practice, and the folly of theory. He will quickly find that he has responsibilities to meet which stagger his courage, and duties to perform which more than test his best wisdom and highest purity.

The truth is, a demand is made on poor mortality when called to high and difficult duty, which only the complete man can rightly fulfil. We can tolerate no slip in one in this position. We look to see him armed in proof-mail. He must bear a spotless shield. We all *demand* this, and nothing less will satisfy us. And if such a spirit could be found, if earth could produce one such man, uniting the firmness of Luther with the love of Melancthon, exhibiting the pluck of the brave old Taylor, when he said, "come and take me," or when resting on the battle-field, he exclaimed, "we will feel their pulse in the morning," combined with the lofty and unwavering purity and mildness of a Channing or a Grimke, what a summons he would have, and how would the world meet and greet him! But where shall we find such a being? Who unites, here and now, these great qualities? Who can say, "I am ready for the summons?"

Looking over a budget of letters, which the publication of our paper has called forth, (some of which came from the Carolinas and Georgia,) we have felt, more deeply than we can express, the immense difficulties we have to encounter, and the entire singleness of purpose, we must possess, or seek to possess, if we would do the duty set before us, faithfully. The most opposite views are suggested in them. Principles, as contradictory as may be, are pressed as the only principles which can gain our end, or give the need we seek. We have only to say, with the kindliest feeling, to one and all,—"We thank you deeply for your sympathy: we shall consider carefully your views; listen with respect to all the suggestions made; but, at the same time, we must consult our own conscience, and abide its decree." Can we do more? Would any just man have us do *less?*

Passing from these general considerations, let us notice, and answer, if we can, some of the criticisms and objections which are made to our course.

1. It is said, we make concessions to slaveholders. Concessions! Wherein, and how? We shall be *just* to them. But never do we mean to yield up for them, or for anybody else, principle, right. True, we declared we should, in all that we might do or say, pay a proper regard to their prejudices, seek to ward off all perils which might beset them, weigh their interests, and be just, and violate no right in attempting to remove a wrong. But this we consider principle, right Christian principle, and we shall always endeavor to act upon it. Are we, therefore, called upon to wink at wrong, to cease proving to the quick, error, to push caution and silence to insincerity, to do justice, not by what we say, but by what we do *not* say? Far from it. We are free, and we feel all the readier and stronger to battle every evil, and sin, and wrong, from acting on this principle.

2. It is objected, again, that we are apologists of Slavery. Strange, this! It is surely a mistake.—We may deceive ourselves; perhaps do; but such a proposition or thought has not even crossed our mind. Apologists of Slavery! No freeman, North or South, should apologize to any human being for the assertion, in its broadest form, of liberty of speech. No Southern man should stand bareheaded before Southern men, and ask, as of superiors, whether he should discuss Slavery. The wrong and wretchedness of the slave system are before us. We are discussing them. We shall continue to discuss them fearlessly. But we shall do it in a way to gain the largest Southern audience; to reach the greatest number of masters and non-slaveholders: and this, too, not upon grounds of expediency, but of principle, of that principle which, while it yields nothing, is careful to give no just cause of offence or alarm, which conciliates, but never compromises.

3. It is declared, besides, that we are opposed to the Anti-Slavery movement. Not in any form or shape! Why, on this we rest all our hope. It is, as it has been, the true leaven of liberty. God teaches us, through history, and in all social movements, that even fanaticism in its worst form is made productive of good—does advance society, and elevate man. Who was the Ana-Baptist? A fanatic, yet he helped to gain liberty for Europe. Who the Puritan? A bigot, yet his bigotry enabled us to win our freedom. Be it, then, that the conduct of Anti-Slavery men has been full of errors, still we should not be blind to their virtues, or the good they have done. We should never assail the spirit-movers of reform. We, certainly, could not condemn the first full declarers of the rights of man, even by implication. We trust the day may never be, when we shall deny the debt of gratitude we owe them.

Let it be borne in mind, (if it be we shall be saved some trouble, and much misapprehension,) that we speak to and for Kentucky, and, as far as we can, to and for the South. This is our field. We know that those who occupy it, must plant themselves on the broad principle of right. We shall *try* to do so. But we must not quit this field, and if we have the strength to carry out our plan, nothing shall force us from it. We see in naked reality the trial position which we occupy. And we shudder at the responsibilities which it involves; but we shall strive to forget these, to forget friendly cheer or hostile assault, to forget everything, as we ask, how shall we win freedom for Kentucky—and struggle with all the manhood God and Nature have given us, for the glorious consummation.

THE MOTHER AND CHILD: OR, THE FIRE-FLY.

FROM THE GERMAN.

On the evening of a hot sultry summer day, Maria, a poor widow, sat at the open window of her little chamber, and gazed out upon the neat orchard which surrounded her cottage. The grass had been mown in the morning, but the heat of the sun had soon dried it. She had already gathered it into heaps, and the sweet smell of the hay now blew into the chamber as if to refresh and strengthen her after her labor. The glow of sunset was already fading upon the border of the clear and cloudless sky, and the moon shone calm and bright into the little chamber, shadowing the square panes of the half open window, together with the grape vine which adorned it, upon the nicely sanded floor. Little Ferdinand, a boy of six years of age, stood leaning against the window frame; his blooming face and yellow locks, with a portion of his white clean shirt sleeves and scarlet vest, were distinctly visible in the moonlight.

The poor woman was sitting thus to rest herself, perhaps. But oppressive as had been the labor of the sultry day, yet a heavier burden weighed upon her bosom, and rendered her forgetful of her weariness.

She had eaten but a spoonful or two of their supper, which consisted of bread and milk. Little Ferdinand was, also greatly disturbed, but did not speak, because he saw that his mother was so sorrowful, having observed that his mother, instead of eating, wept bitterly, he had laid aside his spoon, and the earthen dish stood upon the table almost as full as when served up.

Maria was left a widow in the early part of the previous spring. Her deceased husband, one of the worthiest men in the village, had, by industry and economy, saved a sum of money, sufficient to purchase the little cottage, with its neat meadow, though not entirely free from incumbrance. The industrious man had planted the green and cheerful field with young trees which already bore the finest fruit. He had chosen Maria for his wife, although she was a poor orphan, and her parents had been able to give her nothing more than a good education; he had chosen her because she was known as the most pious, industrious and well-behaved maiden in the village. They had lived happy together. But the typhus fever broke out in the village, and her husband died. Having nursed him with the greatest tenderness, she herself was attacked with it, after his death, and barely escaped with life.

Her husband's sickness and her own had thrown them much behind hand; but now she must even part with her little cottage. Her deceased husband had long labored for the richest peasant in the country, a man by the name of Meyer. The peasant, who highly esteemed him on account of his fidelity and industry, had lent him three hundred crowns to purchase this cottage, with the ground belonging to it, upon the condition that he would pay off fifty crowns yearly, twenty-five in money and twenty-five in labor. Until the year that he was taken sick, her husband had faithfully performed his agreement, and the debt now amounted to but fifty crowns. Maria knew all this very well.

Meyer now died of the same disease. The heirs, a son and daughter-in-law, found the note for three hundred crowns among the papers of the deceased. They did not know a word about the affair, as the old man had never spoken of it to them. The terrified woman assured them, calling Heaven to witness, that her deceased husband had paid off the whole except the fifty crowns. But all this was of no avail. The young peasant called her a shameless liar, and summoned her before a court of law. As she could not prove that anything had been paid, it was decided that the whole claim against her was valid. The heirs insisted upon payment, and as poor Maria had nothing but her cottage and grounds, this little property must now be sold. She had fallen upon her knees before the heirs, and had prayed them not to turn her out of doors; little Ferdinand wept with her—both wept, but all was in vain. The following morning was appointed for the sale. She had heard this an hour before, just as she had finished her day's work. A neighbor had called out over the hedge and told it to her.

It was for this reason that she sat so sorrowful by the open window, glancing now upward to the clear sky, now upon Ferdinand, and then gazing steadily upon the floor. There was a sad silence.

"Alas!" she said to herself, "I have to-day, then, raked the hay from the orchard for the last time. The early yellow plums which I picked this morning for Ferdinand, are the last fruit which the poor boy will eat from the trees which his father planted for him. Yes,-this may be the last night we may spend beneath this roof. By this time to-morrow, this cottage will be another's property, and who can say but we shall be turned out at once. Heaven alone knows where we shall find a shelter to-morrow. Perhaps under the open heaven!" She began to sob violently.

Little Ferdinand, who until now had not moved, came forward, and weeping, said—

"Mother, do not cry so bitterly, or else I cannot talk to you. Do you not know what father said, as he died there on that bed? 'Do not weep so,' he said, 'God is a father to the poor widows and orphans. Call upon him in thy distress, and he will aid thee.' This is what he said, and is it not true then?"

"Yes dear child," said the mother, "it is true."

"Well," said the boy, "why do you weep so long then? Pray to God, and he will help you."

"Good child, thou art right!" said his mother; and her tears flowed less bitterly, and comfort was mingled with her sorrow. She folded her arms, and raised her moist eyes towards Heaven, and Ferdinand folded his hands also, and looked upward, and the bright moon shone upon mother and child.

And the mother began to pray, and the boy repeated every word after her.

"Great Father in Heaven," she said, "look down upon a poor mother and her child—a poor widow and a poor orphan raise their eyes to thee. We are in great need, and have no longer any refuge upon the earth. But thou art rich in mercy. Thou hast thyself said, 'Call upon me in the day of thy trouble, and I will deliver thee.' Oh, to thee we pray. Thrust us not forth from this dwelling—take not from a poor orphan, his only little inheritance. Or, if in thy mysterious but still most wise and benevolent purposes, thou hast otherwise decreed, prepare us for a resting place upon the wide, vast earth. Oh, pour this consolation into our hearts, lest they break as we wander forth, and from yonder hill turn to look for the last time upon our house!"

Sobs interrupted her; weeping, she gazed towards Heaven, and was silent. The boy, who yet stood with folded hands, suddenly exclaimed, with outstretched finger—

"Mother, look! what is that! Yonder moves a light. Yonder flies a little star. Look, there it hurries by the window!—Oh, see, now it comes in! How bright, how beautiful it shines! Look, only look! it has a greenish light. It is almost as beautiful as the evening star. Now it moves along the ceiling. That is wonderful!"

"It is a fire fly, dear Ferdinand," said his mother. "In the day time it is a small unsightly insect, but in the night it gives out a most beautiful light."

"May I catch it?" said the boy. "Will it not hurt me, and will not the light burn me?"

"It will not burn thee," said the mother and she laughed, while the tears streamed down her cheeks.

"Catch it and examine it closer, it is one of the wonders of God's almighty power."

The boy, entirely forgetful of his sorrow, at once tried to catch the sparkling fire-fly, now on the floor, now under the table, now under the chair.

"Ah me, what a pity!" said the boy, for as he stretched out his hand to catch the bright insect, it flew behind the great chest that stood against the wall. He looked under the chest.

"I see it plainly enough," he said; "there it is close against the wall; and the white wall and the floor, and every bit of dust near it shines as if the moon shone upon it: but I cannot reach it; my arm is not long enough."

"Have patience," said the mother, "it will soon come out again."

The boy waited a little while, and then came to his mother and said, with a soft imploring voice—

"Mother, do get it out for me, or move the chest a little from the wall, and I can easily catch it."

The mother rose, moved the chest from the wall, and the boy took the quiet fire-fly, examined it in the hollow of his little hand, and was delighted with it.

But his mother's attention was attracted by a different object. As she moved the chest, something which had stuck between it and the wall, fell upon the floor. She uttered a loud cry as she picked it up.

"Ah," she exclaimed, "now all our trouble is over. This is last year's account book, which I have so long looked for in vain. I thought it had been destroyed as of no value, by strangers, perhaps, while I lay senseless during my illness. Now it can be shown that thy father paid the money that they demand of us. Who would have thought that the account book stuck behind the great chest which we took with the cottage, and which has not been moved since we bought it?"

She at once lighted a lamp, turned over the leaves of the account, while tears of joy sparkled in her eyes. Everything was correctly put down—the sum which her deceased husband owed of three hundred crowns at the beginning of the year, and what he paid off in money and work. Below stood the following lines, written in old Meyer's own hand:

"I have settled accounts with James Bloom to-day, (St. Martin's day,) and he now owes me fifty crowns."

The mother struck her hands together with joy, embraced her child, and exclaimed with delight—

"Oh, Ferdinand, give thanks to God, for we now need not leave home; now we can remain in our cottage."

"And I was the cause, was I not, mother?" said the little fellow. "If I had not begged you to move the chest, you never would have found the book. It might have laid there a hundred years."

The mother stood for a while in silent astonishment, and then said—

"Oh! my child, it was God's doings. I feel a thrill of awe and reverence when I reflect upon it. Look! as we both prayed and wept, there came the sparkling fire-fly, and pointed out the spot where this book was concealed.—Yes, truly! God's hand is in all things however trifling. Nothing comes by chance. Even the hairs of our head are numbered; not one of them falls to the ground without his knowledge. Remember this for thy life long, and put thy trust in him, especially in time of need. It is easy for him to aid and to save. He does not need to send a shining angel to us. He can send help by a winged insect!"

The mother could not sleep that night for joy. Soon after break of day, she took her way to the judge, who at once sent for the heir. He came. He acknowledged the writing as genuine, and was much ashamed of having slandered the woman before the court, and having called her a liar. The judge declared he owed her some recompense for the shame and great sorrow which he had caused her. The man was not unwilling to make atonement for his injustice.

But when the poor woman had related the whole account of her evening prayer, and the appearance of the fire-fly, the judge said—

"That is the finger of God; he has visibly helped you!

Young Meyer, however, was much moved, and said with tears in his eyes—

"Yes, it is so. God is the father of the widow and the fatherless; and their avenger, also. Pardon me for harshness towards you; I release you from the payment of the fifty crowns, and if you are at any time in need, come to me, and I will assist you. I now see clearly that those who trust in God he will never forsake—and that confidence in him is safer dependence than great riches. And if I ever come to want, or if my wife should be a widow and my children orphans, may he help us, also, as he has helped you."

Trust always thus in him, and be as upright as this poor widow, and help will not be wanting to you in time of need.

[From the Religious Recorder.]

A SPLENDID VICTORY.

The words standing at the head of these lines will be observed perhaps by one thousand eyes that know but too well how to weep, and how much the cost of a single tear—eyes which beam responsive to the throb of half as many hearts, the place of a thousand varied emotions, which like the inhabitants of a vast inn are perpetually coming and going. Not an eye that sees this note but has seen much of the boast and heraldry of war; and so artfully are these "*Splendid* victories" (!) set forth that the nation's mind is rapidly becoming poisoned. One almost hears the shoutings of the captains—the rattle of arms, and the notes of martial music—one almost sees the waving of plumes, the sheen of the spear, and the sabre's flash, forgetting that this is literally but the whiting to a sepulchre more hideously large, than any for which the judgments of heaven, or the malice of hell has given occasion.

Sit with me one moment, my dear reader, and let us ask ourselves of what consists a "splendid victory?" There are five hundred wives each having a husband to love them. One year ago to-day they were toiling for those that God had given them, and at night they brought home the fruit of their toil, and made glad each dependant one around them, while each thought, at least, a prayer of gratitude to God that he had given them so great a blessing, in a husband so good, and a father so kind. Then there are a thousand children; they are young, 'tis true but they have tears, and I always love whatever has tears. I would love the vulture and the wild tiger, if I could but sometimes see them weep. There is to be a battle, and in order to make the victory "splendid" there must be a slaughter of full five hundred men, and these, too, are to be furnished by the aforementioned wives and children that know how to *weep*—and will know still better after the victory. The battle begins, goes on, is ended, and there is a splendid victory; five hundred men lie torn by cannon shot, food for the raven and carrion kite.

We have a bad way of thinking and of using terms; we are apt to think of the soldier that he is a man to be killed at *splendid* victories, and scarcely think that he has, or can have kindred alliances; but we should always remember that every soldier is father, brother, son or husband to some one. And the gazetteer makes this mistake—he reports, the loss on our side, one hundred men, that of the enemy four hundred:" but I would say, we succeeded in killing so many brothers, sons, &c., though these terms, husband, brother and son, might abate a little the *splendor* of the victory.

War, my dear reader, is the greatest foe to human progress, to human happiness, and to human life, that has ever crossed the pathway of man, and yet he is heralded, at every step he takes, "splendid victory," "great triumph," "glorious news." Alas! in what a world we live.

S. M. RICE.

The following letter may be very appropriately connected with the one above:

AN AFFECTING LETTER. Lieut. Fletcher, of the Alton (Ill.) volunteers, was among the killed at Buena Vista. He was a widower, and the father of a little girl, two years old. His remains, with others, were recently buried at Alton, and his little daughter, accompanied by her grand parents, attended the funeral. The night before the battle, Lieut. F. wrote the following letter, which presents in a gratifying light his paternal affections:

CAMP BUENA VISTA, Mexico, Jan. 14th, 1847.

Dear Colonel,—Tomorrow we expect to have an engagement with a superior Mexican force, and on the eve of the affair, I have believed it proper to address you a few lines. As you are well aware, the object nearest my heart is the welfare of my *little child;* and so far as I have been able, I have provided for her. My wages, to the amount of two hundred and eighty dollars, are due me from the government; besides a small sum owing me, as well as the contents of my trunk, and the books and other articles I may own, I have in a memorandum in my trunk, left to her, and placed the whole in the charge of Capt. Baker, to be forwarded to you in case I should *fall*—all of which I doubt not you will most religiously see appropriated to her use, as may best seem fit and proper by you and mother.

And now, with respect to the child. Should I *fall*, I leave her *entirely* with *you* and *your wife;* but I have written to my brother, requesting him to throw his brotherly protection over her; and if at any time, you think fit to send her to him, he will receive her as his own child and protect her as such. Should she remain with you, I wish that she should receive as good an *education* as the little means left her will afford; and above all things, teach her that *truth* and virtue are to woman, what the soul is to the body—the life of its life. *Teach* her that to be *just* to all, in thought, in word, in deed, is the true, the great aim of a good mind; and those who strive to accomplish that purpose, seldom fail to live at peace with the world, and accomplish the "Great Destiny" for which they are created. I would say a thousand things more about her, and my wishes for her, but that would be superfluous, so I will revert to other subjects.

* * * * *

In death as in life, ever yours,
E. F. FLETCHER.

THE GOOD LITTLE GIRL.

A very little girl who often read the Bible, gave proof that she understood her obligation to obey its precepts. One day she came to her mother, much pleased to show some fruit which had been given to her. The mother said the friend was very kind, and had given her a great many. Yes, said the child, very indeed; and she gave me more than that, but I have given some away. The mother inquired to whom she had given them; when she answered, I gave them to a girl who pushes me off the path, and makes faces at me. On being asked why she gave them to her, she replied, because I thought it would make her know that I wish to be kind to her, and she will not perhaps be rude and unkind to me again. How admirably did she then obey the command to overcome evil with good.

A tear stood in the eye of little Charles, and he promised his mother to try and do so too. Will my little readers, under similar circumstances, "go and do likewise." [S. D. B. Reg.

AN EXAMPLE FOR YOUTH.

A little boy in destitute circumstances was put out as an apprentice to a mechanic. For some time he was the youngest apprentice, and of course had to go upon errands for the apprentices, and not unfrequently to procure for them ardent spirits, of which all but himself partook, because, as they said, it did them good. He, however, used none; and in consequence of it was often the subject of severe ridicule from the older apprentices, because as they said, he had not sufficient manhood to drink rum.—And as they were revelling over their poison, he, under their insults and cruelty, often retired and vented his grief in tears. But now every one of the older apprentices, we are informed, is in a drunkard's grave; and this youngest apprentice, at whom they used to scoff, is sober and respectable, and worth a hundred thousand dollars. In his employment are about one hundred men, who do not use ardent spirits; he is exerting upon many thousands an influence in the highest degree salutary, which may be transmitted by them to future generations.

ANECDOTE OF THE GREAT HERO.

We must confess, that we like well to see the character of our Washington, in the following method of its development, even as well as when saving the army of freedom from defeat, or guiding the council:

"A British officer had been brought in from the river, a prisoner, and wounded. Some accidental circumstance had attracted to him General Washington's special notice, who had him placed under the best medical and surgical care the army could afford, and ordered him to be lodged at his own quarters. There, according to custom, a large party of officers had assembled in the evening, to sup with the commander-in-chief. When the meats and cloth were removed, the unfailing nuts appeared, and the wine, a luxury seldom seen by American subalterns, except at his "excellency's" table, began to circulate. The General rose much before his usual hour, but, putting one of his aids-de-camp in his place, requested his friends to remain, adding in a gentle tone, "I have only to ask you to remember, in your sociality, that there is a wounded officer in the next room." This injunction had its effect for a short time; but, as the wine and punch passed around, the soldiers' jest and mirth gradually broke forth, conversation warmed into argument, and, by-and-by, came a song. In the midst of all this, a side door opened, and some one entered in silence and on tiptoe. It was the General. Without a word to any of the company, he passed silently along the table, with almost noiseless tread, to the opposite door, which he opened and closed after him as gently and cautiously as a nurse in the sick room of a tender and beloved patient. The song, the story, the merriment, died away at once. All were hushed. All felt the rebuke, and dropped off quietly, one by one, to their chambers or tents." [Gulian C. Verplanck.

New Ipswich Academy.

EDWARD A. LAWRENCE, PRINCIPAL.

THE Fall Term of eleven weeks will commence on Wednesday, Aug. 25th.

New Ipswich, N. H., July 5th, 1847. 3w j24

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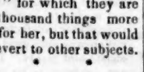

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